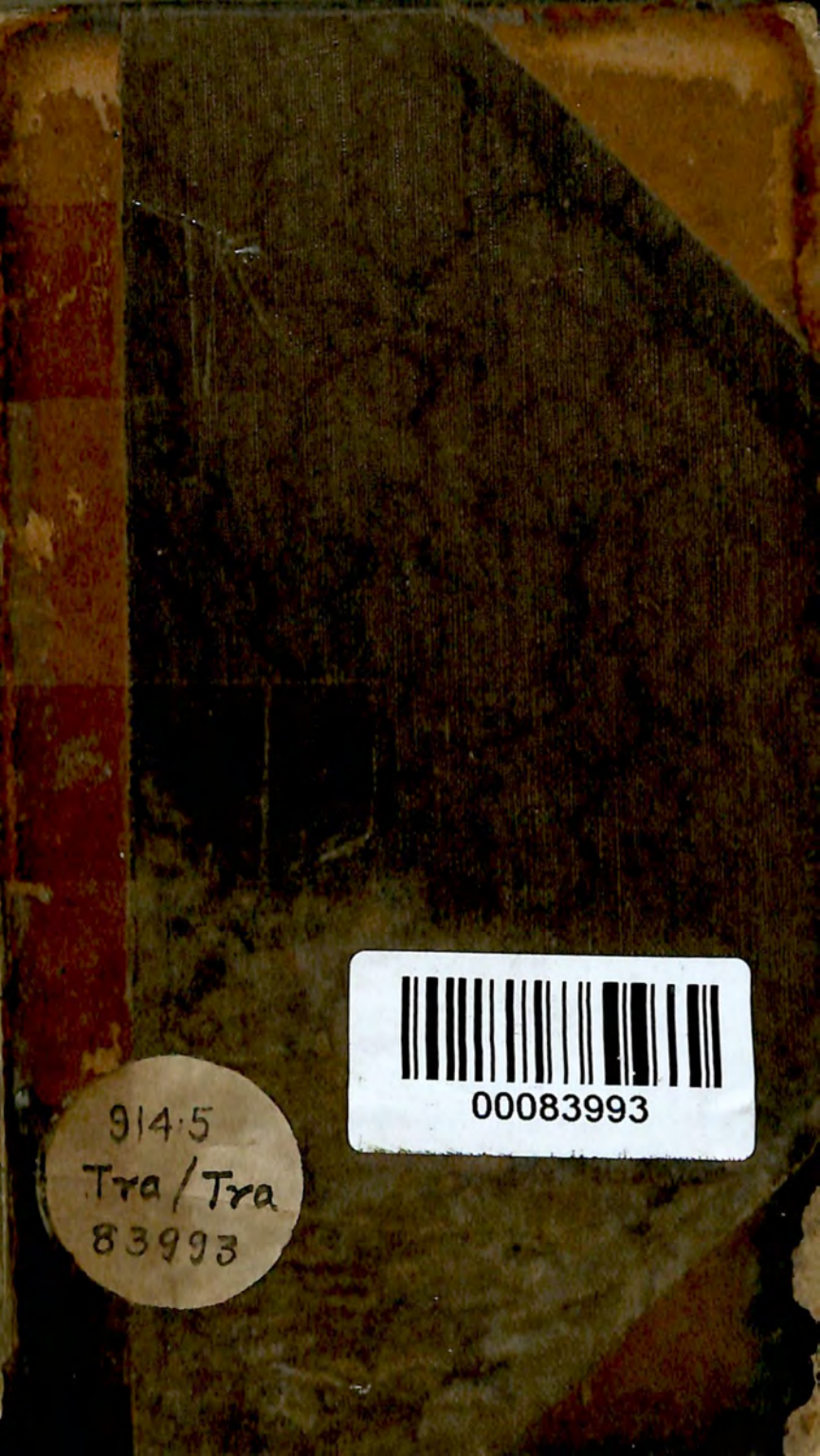
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INTRODUCTION.

PERHAPS I ought not to say,—lest I should be set down as "a liberal," "a jacobin," "a Napoleonist," "a discontented man," and what not,—that I have just read a little book, which the French government very wisely endeavours to keep out of the hands of its restless and fickle subjects. The work is, in fact, subversive of every religious principle; and, as such, has my unqualified disapprobation. Thus, then, I perfectly agree with the established government under whose protection I am happy to live; and having declared the purity and loyalty of my opinions, religious and political,—though

perfectly distinct, I here bring them together. In conformity to the custom of the times, I shall proceed to say how I was able to meet with the little forbidden volume in question.

A few nights ago, a *soirée* was given by my family, then living at ———. After dancing a quadrille with Mademoiselle de ——, I led her to a great marble sideboard, on which a servant happened to have left a tray of refreshments. We sipped a glass of *orgeat*, and began looking over the books and newspapers that covered the table before us. The English newspaper naturally became the subject of conversation; and, taking it up from amongst the others, the young lady began reading it as follows: "GALIG-NANI'S "MESS-ENGER—n'est pas que cela veut dire "*Messager de Galignani*—is it not true it means "that?" A reply in the affirmative, and a compliment on her cleverness, encouraged her to proceed. "LONDON; *je comprends celà*—I "understand that; *mais que peut donc signifier* "*tout ceci*—but what can all this mean? WE AVE "DIS MORENING HAARD REEPORTS—*ah, mon* "*Dieu! comment donc comprendre tout ce gali-*"*matias là*—how can one understand all that "nonsense?" Before I had time to blame my

countrymen for speaking so unintelligible a language, the mother of the Demoiselle, a prudent, portly gentlewoman of five and fifty, (or perhaps less, far from me be the wish to slander her,) came up to the sideboard; "*Que fait tu, ma fille?* "—what are you doing, child?" she good-naturedly asked; and seeing the MESSENGER in her hands, said she had always wished for her daughter to learn English; and so we entered into a conversation on the possibility of acquiring its pronunciation—no bad subject of doubt, considering the sample we had had.

Madame la Baronne de —— was, however, a staunch Royalist; and though but one corner of it peeped out from amongst the books and other papers, she immediately recognised and drew forth the AMI DE LA CHARTE, the Opposition journal of that day's date. "*Comment!* "*vous recevez ce journal affreux*—what! do you "take in this frightful paper?" "*Ce n'est que* "*trop vrai, Madame*—it is, indeed, too true," I insidiously replied. She, nevertheless, soon descended to a meeker and more conciliatory manner, and allowed that some of the Liberals were reasonable people, and were often right in what they maintained: she even went so far as

to whisper that her own son was tainted with some of their notions.

We now returned to the AMI DE LA CHARTE, and looked over its columns in a less hostile mood. "Here," said I, pointing to the bottom of a page, "is advertised a work which I have "never been able to meet with: I want to see "the edition which caused the author to be sent "to the prison of S. Pelagie, and not these "'purified' volumes." Madame la Baronne smiled; but after a deal of probing, and with an air of great mystery, she told me that she believed her son had the true and genuine edition amongst his books; that he had bought it before it had been forbidden by the Police; and that if I would promise to keep it under lock and key, and never mention to any one that she had ever lent it to me, she would entrust me with it the first time I should call at her house.

So eager was I to gain possession of a book, which I had never mentioned to a real or pretended Royalist without seeing his whole features convulsed by an involuntary or affected shuddering of horror, that on the very next morning, at the earliest hour at which a visit could *convenablement* be paid, I hastened to the

door of the *Baronne*, recalled to her the promise she had made me, and departing as soon as I had obtained my end, passed through the nearest gate of the town, turned my back on the sleeping police officer, (half afraid lest he should read guilt on my countenance,) and hastily gained a neighbouring field, in which the garrison of the place usually performed their military exercise. Here, seating myself on the uncovered root of a majestic, spreading walnut tree, I drew from my pocket the precious and fearful volume. "And, in the name of every thing that is fearful, "what is the title, what is the object, what are "are the contents, of this same volume?" Such is, or at least—considering all the pains I have taken to work upon his curiosity—such *ought* to be, the question of the inquisitive reader; and I now intend to satisfy his very reasonable impatience.

On taking leave of the *Baronne*, I had not allowed myself sufficient time to examine it minutely; but nothing now prevented me from giving way to my eager curiosity. I was in the centre of a solitary field, reclining in the broad shade of the walnut tree, and defended by its wide, fresh green leaves, from the heat of an

April sun. In front, at the distance of half a mile, that sun fell unreflected on the lofty and slender, though irregularly formed, tower of the beautiful Gothic cathedral; which, built of black stone extracted from the quarries of lava with which that once volcanic country abounds, frowned darkly from the summit of the town-covered hill on which it rests. A clear and unclouded sky extended widely behind its gloomy pile, and was here and there discovered, flickering and starlight, as it was broken up and intercepted by the slender trellice-work that runs along its pointed roof. Near me, on the left, I heard the shrill bleatings of a few young lambs, which, though scarcely strong enough to stand erect on their slender, weak, and ill-proportioned legs, were already nibbling the grass beside their apparently heedless mothers; while the only sounds that proceeded from the other parts of the field were the gruff words of command, the spirited military music, and the hollow tramp of the soldiery, now retiring from their *Champ de Mars*, where, for the last two hours, they had been occupied in drilling and manœuvring, and, perhaps, in thinking on my countrymen, against whom they would certainly have

no objection to make trial of the science in which they were initiated.

The attention with which I observed the beautiful scene I have here attempted to describe, will not be wondered at, when the cautions of *Madame la Baronne*, and the responsibility under which I conceived myself to lie, shall be recollected, and maturely weighed, by the courteous reader.

At length, satisfied that I was not liable to be overlooked, I drew forth the book. It was a small volume, about five inches long, three inches broad, and one and a half thick—according to the method now adopted in giving correct accounts of speeches made by the Members of Parliament and other public meetings; its cover was of the meanest sort, consisting of a kind of pink paper, very much resembling that which now lies beside me on my desk, and which I always make use of when, particularly anxious to note down my flitting thoughts, I am unwilling to wait till the air shall, in the regular order of nature, have dried up the ink in which they are expressed. The corners and sides of each leaf were turned down and worn, as if that day was not the first on which they had been committed

to the secret keeping of a coat-pocket. The contents I, at first, greedily ran over: they are by no means devoid of poetical merit, though none can agree to the anti-christian doctrines which, together with the anti-monarchical principles they contain, caused the author to be prosecuted, and the work to be forbidden by the French government. Yet this prosecution is the chief cause of its being read: but for the civil anathema launched against it, I should certainly not have been so curious to obtain the work; and should, very possibly, have never heard of the little book of songs, to read which I now fled to solitary fields and retired spots. Had the "CHANSONS DE BERANGER," (for such is, as I ought long ago to have informed the the reader, the title of the book,) had they been left unmolested, and their sale been quietly permitted, they would have had their day—noticed by those only who profess the same principles; and even to those few they would now offer no interest beyond that inherent to any volume of witty and often elegantly-written songs.

But, without arguing any further on the folly of such anathemas, civil or ecclesiastical, I must now explain why I have thus brought forward

these *Chansons de Beranger*, than which nothing can appear less called for. The fact, then, is this. When they first came into my hands I had just concluded writing the Letters here offered to the public; and wishing that they should appear in due form, I had, during the last two days, been considering with what sort of a preface I should introduce them. I had made several attempts, but none were to my satisfaction. In the one, I repeated thoughts which I had already introduced into the body of the work; in another, I affected humility, at the same time clearly shewing that I thought my production a *chef d'œuvre*; but in each and every one, I managed to bring before the reader every circumstance that might appear to qualify me for writing on the subject I had chosen. Thus, in one unfortunate attempt, which I now look at with a disconsolate air as it lies rejected on my desk, I observe the following passages, which I transcribe to shew how convincing must have been the whole *tirade*. "I think myself justi-" fied in choosing the motto which I have placed " at the head of the work. That Italy is a " 'curious sight' cannot be denied, though the " expression may be found too light for the

" country to which it is applied; that it is very
" little known, I am fully persuaded. When I,
" who inhabited it for so long a time, am but
" imperfectly acquainted with it, what must
" those be, who, making but a short stay in each
" of its principal towns, traverse, in one winter,
" the whole country, survey in haste its monu-
" ments and curiosities, and are unable to speak
" at all, or, at best, speak with difficulty, its
" language! And yet such travellers, on re-
" turning home, throw into a new form the ob-
" servations of guide-books, preceding tourists,
" and common prejudices, and announce to the
" world—a new journey to Italy. And from
" their usual way of travelling, and from their
" usual behaviour to foreigners, it is impossible
" that all their accounts should not greatly resem-
" ble those of other tourists who have preceded
" them in the same track. What they say may
" be well said; but has been said often enough.

" Let it not, however, be supposed that I
" fancy my letters to be free from faults; on the
" contrary; if, when speaking of the curiosities
" of the country, I have endeavoured to avoid
" repeating what might be found in the works of
" other tourists, I have nevertheless confessed

" myself ignorant of many of the manners and " customs of the Italians, which I had attempted, " though without sufficient success, to make my- " self acquainted with. Yet one who had left " England when a child; who had been edu- " cated on the Continent; who spoke fluently the " language of the country; who could have con- " cealed his prejudices in favour of England, " if any such had possessed him; who made long " stays in each town; who sought to mingle " with the natives, and who did mingle with " them more than most of his countrymen; who " professed the same religion, which, though it " may be little thought of by the Italians, still " serves as à *rapprochement;* such a person must " have gained much information which neces- " sarily escapes the observation of an ordinary " English traveller; while his foreign and reli- " gious education and ideas must have enabled " him to see with less astonishment, and at " once to understand, customs and CEREMONIES, " which, on account of their novelty, arrest the " misconstruing attention of most English tra- " vellers."

What arguments can more indisputably prove my right to present to the public my Observa-

tions on Italy? I next went on to make excuses for the familiarity of the style in which I have addressed "MY DEAR FRIEND," (who, I do assure the reader, is no "imaginary creature of the "brain,") and for the Gallicisms which may be found in the letters, and "which may be easily "accounted for in one who has spoken and read "more in French than in his native tongue; and "who, while writing, had often recourse to the "dictionary to find the English for a French "word."

Such had been the most successful of my trials at *a Preface*; and so far had I proceeded, when, having run over the best of Beranger's songs, I returned to *his* preface, which, in the usual way, I had deferred till after reading that to which it had been, by the author, intended as an introduction. I was at once struck by the similarity of our situations, and by the poo songster's complaints of the difficulty under which he had laboured while composing a grand preface to announce to the world what might be more clearly expressed in two lines, "*qu*' "*ayant écrit des chansons, j'ai pris le parti de* "*les faire imprimer*—that having written some

" songs, he had determined to have them " printed."

" And why," thought I, immediately, " why " may not I myself, in this manner, avoid all " prefatory difficulty, and, like Beranger, merely " say, that HAVING WRITTEN SOME LETTERS ON " ITALY, I HAVE RESOLVED TO HAVE THEM " PRINTED?"

Paris, 21*st April*, 1826.

PREFACE.

AFTER the foregoing declaration, the reader could scarce expect that *a preface* would be inflicted upon him: in deference to his just remonstrances, I shall make it as short as possible.

The MS. of the work now offered to the public, I had submitted to the perusal of a Catholic friend; and, on asking his opinion of it, I was astonished to hear him say, (alluding to the manner in which I had spoken of some of the religious ceremonies and customs countenanced or permitted by the Italian clergy,) that "I should be supposed to have written for the "Protestants, with a view to obtain their appro-"bation." No: such motives cannot be attributed to me. Throughout the whole work I

have, I trust, shewn myself sufficiently independent of received notions and generally accredited opinions to avoid any similar imputation. What Catholic can deny that abuses have existed, and do still exist, in Catholic DISCIPLINE? Against the DOCTRINE of the Church I have said nothing. In the title-page I have announced myself to be "an English Catholic:" *that* I hold to be a sufficient declaration of my belief in all the doctrines of the Catholic Church. No man declares himself to be "an *English* Catholic," unless he conscientiously adopts the creed of that religion; and in that creed seeks consolation for the loss of those civil rights—the proud inheritance of every Englishman, but from which *he* is debarred by his "tolerant" fellow-countrymen.

LETTER I.

Rome, 27th October, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We quitted Leghorn on the 22d of this month, after having passed there all the summer season since June. The town itself is small, but well built and clean: some quarters of it are quiet and retired from the bustle of trade. As we went to Leghorn for the sake of sea-bathing, we should have done better had we taken an apartment within the walls of the town: we should have been much nearer the baths than when settled in Villa G—, one of the many habitations prepared for the reception of *désœuvrés* bathers. This villa we hired of an "English "gentleman;" but to transact business with

"gentlemen," particularly when English, is a difficult matter; for, as the rules and etiquette of politeness may be inconvenient to those passing a bargain, they are, on that account, the more strictly exacted by the gentleman house-letter; who, though he may have learnt the foreign manner of asking high prices, takes advantage of his being an Englishman to refuse all thoughts of abatement. We therefore made a bad bargain, and engaged our villa for four months, at *two piastre a day*—as the "English "gentleman" perceived there were thirty-one days in July and August.

All this while you do not, perhaps, know the exact meaning of the word VILLA. The following explanation which I heard a French femme-de-chambre—not *fille*-de-chambre, as Sterne has it—give to some English children, is a precise definition of the sense attached to the word. You are aware of the peculiar pronunciation with which the French speak Italian, and of their always dropping the final letter. She said, "*Une maison de campagne s'appelle une* ville, *et* "*une ville s'appelle une* shitte."* This is something like the story of the two English sailors in one

* For *villa* and *città*.

of the ports of France. One of them had been ashore, and, on returning to his comrade, cried out, "Jack, do you know what they call cab-"bage? why they call it *shoe*;* and d—mn 'em, "why can't they call it cabbage?"

In this villa we experienced all the inconveniences attendant on an Italian country-house, placed, as those at Leghorn generally are, in the centre of a kitchen garden. Adjoining was the small cabin for the numerous family of the gardener: these rose at day-break, and made, with no little degree of noise, their preparations for appearing at the market of the town. Once or twice a week, but always on the hottest days, they opened a certain subterraneous cavern near the house, and carried to the cabbages under our window the manure it afforded. On Sundays and festivals they collected their friends, and either played at bowls on the even spot round the house, or, on more particular occasions, procured half a dozen geese, which they suspended by their legs to the transverse beam of the gateway in front of our door; then, armed

* For *choux*. I once greatly amused a Frenchwoman by asking her, "*Savez vous qu'en Angleterre on appelle les sou-*"*liers des choux?*"

with a rusty old sword, each one in succession endeavoured to give a successful cut at the neck of the tortured bird, which, its head being once severed, belonged to him who had the skill to perform the feat; another goose was then fastened upon its place, and *ainsi de suite.* Add to these nuisances the incessant hum-drum tune, chaunted by the voices—not the most melodious—of the gardening girls, who, while at work, improvised to it verses, generally on the subject to them the most interesting—that of a courtship with a sailor. In the chorus, the sailor is supposed to answer,

"Lavora bella, fatti la dote;
"Se Dio vuole, ti sposero."*

Such are the pleasures of Leghorn villas; yet how much might I make you envy my garden, geese, and subterranean perfumes, by giving you the usual description of these Italian peasant girls improvising a romance, as they sung, in sweet chorus, the tune to which the words were adapted.

Nevertheless, the summer passed more agree-

* Work hard, gain your dower; if it please God, I will marry you.

ably than you may imagine. My mornings were taken up with bathing, which I conducted in the following manner.

From our villa to the port I walked, as is there the custom, under a large umbrella, which, at the end of the season, was completely burnt out by the sun: I was still too much of a foreigner to carry in the other hand the large green fan generally made use of by the Livornesi, particularly the priests. Arrived near the pier, I discovered my boatman, Beppo, attired in his well-known dress—shoes without stockings, white pantaloons, red waistcoat, no coat, and on his head of black curly hair a large white straw hat, surrounded with a black band. His hand was raised to his eyes to defend them from the sun, while he endeavoured to descry if I was the "Milordo" he expected. When he had satisfied himself on this point, I saw him draw up to the pier his neatly-arranged boat, and touch his hat as I entered it; then, after he had cleared his way through the surrounding bathing boats, he would begin a series of observations on the American ships, which, laden with cotton or pepper, had arrived since the preceding day. In the midst of these remarks, he would some-

times stop short, and point out a passing boat, in which was Iturbide, the ex-emperor of Mexico, afterwards shot when he undertook his rash expedition against the liberties of his countrymen, who had so handsomely "cashiered" him, and who then so generously provided for his widow and children.

We thus passed the mouth of the port; and turning to the right—within a ridge of large stones placed, about two hundred paces off, to defend a part of the fortifications of the town from the rougher sea, which would otherwise break against it—we rowed past the neat wooden bathing-house, situated half-way between these stones and the walls of the place; saw a set of women and men, who, having left their bathing-rooms, paddled together in the shallow water around, while a grave soldier, with an enormous beard, paraded to and fro on the terrace at the top of the building, and preserved order and quiet; and then continuing our voyage, I soon turned the end of the *scoglj* ridge of stones, and having found a clear, deep water behind them, I drew close the curtains of my boat, undressed, and bathed; and, having again rowed back to the pier, took a hackney-coach, drawn (as all

those at Leghorn are) by one horse, and returned to my villa.

In one of these excursions it was my fortune to meet the barge that was bearing to his fleet without the port Ferdinand the First, king of Naples: he was then returning to his kingdom, which he deemed sufficiently purified from "constitutional" ideas by the allies he had sent before him, to cast into prison and exile all those who had supported or served under the institutions he had himself sworn to maintain.

In the evening, I sometimes drove to the Ardenza, a field of burnt grass and weeds, which, stretching along the broken, muddy shore, is the only public walk in the neighbourhood.

Leghorn is, however, the gayest summer residence in Italy: many English repair to it, particularly at the end of August, after the season of the Lucca baths. Balls are given by the Governor, by the English resident merchants, and by the foreign consuls: the theatre is generally good, and the bathing lasts till late in the summer.

I have seen, in one of the suburbs of Leghorn, a better and more regular illumination than ever I beheld in any of the capitals of

Italy. This must be attributed to the popularity of the occasion—the *fête* of the Madonna di Montenero, a church some miles out of the town, but to which thousands of persons repair for the day: whereas in capitals, the illuminations are generally ordered in honour of the birth-day or *fête* of the sovereign, whom few think so good a patron as the Madonna: nor, I believe, does any prince pretend to be so.

I was not sorry to quit Leghorn. We followed the Florence road for twenty-two miles, as far as La Scala; where we turned off to the south. Arriving late at Sienna, we found the gate of the town shut: it was, however, opened to us without difficulty. In the morning of the following day, I walked up and down hill through the narrow streets of this ugly, ancient town, and visited all the *lions* pointed out to me: none of these are worth seeing, except its beautiful cathedral, so often described, and its curious and finely-engraved pavement. The pleasure of hearing the language of Sienna, even after that of Florence, is greater than can be supposed. In passing along the streets, I often stopped to inquire the way, (with which I was, however, well acquainted,) but wishing, through this pre-

tended ignorance, to enjoy the pleasure of hearing the people speak their sweet and graceful language.

The road from Sienna to Acquapendente is as uninteresting, to say the least, as any I know; and the uncomfortable inns, or rather hovels, that border it, barely keep out the wind and rain. At one of these taverns, as I passed through the kitchen on my way up stairs, I saw the *padron di casa* wring the neck of a turkey: at supper this turkey was served up to us, drest in three different manners; it was disguised as *bouilli*—boiled beef, as a stew of turkey, and as a quarter of roast lamb!

Acquapendente appeared on the top of a precipice overhung with green shrubs, amongst which silvery streams fell perpendicularly, and lost themselves in the nut wood below.

After five miles of even ground on the top of this hill, and after traversing the poor village of S. Lorenzino, which consists *solely* of one superb octangular *place*, we descended through a small wood of oak trees to the beautiful lake of Bolsena. The vintage was here carrying on; and, from the basket of a passing peasant, we filled our carriage with fine large grapes. As

you have doubtless an Arcadian notion of a vintage, I will not undeceive you by a too minute painting of the *un*-arcadian labourers, whom, while gathering the fruit, I have often seen pelting one another with bunches of grapes, as they would do in England with turnips; neither will I describe the hands with which they press the grapes into the trough, or the feet with which they squeeze the juice out of the berry. This last operation many children take part in as a preservative against future chilblains; and the time of the vintage is ever a season of rejoicing and holiday in the district in which it is going on.

The remainder of the journey was nearly as tiresome as the first part of it; but at length, from a lofty ridge of hills, we this afternoon looked down on the deserted Campania, above the apparently unbroken surface of which arose the dome of S. Peter's. Then, passing a few ruined antiquities, we crossed the Ponte Molle, found a "lascia passare"* at the Porta del

* The "lascia passare" is an order from the Papal government, which the banker Tarlonia has the goodness to obtain for foreigners who demand it, and by means of which they are permitted to enter the town without having their baggage visited.

Popolo, and engaged an apartment in the Hotel de la Grande Bretagne, Strada del Babuino.

Here then I am in Rome; in Rome, still the capital of the world, subdued first by arms, then by religion! But you, no doubt, conceive all the sublime reflections I might make on this my first arrival in the "Eternal City." I leave them, therefore, to your imagination; for, to say the truth, I am far from being in the mood requisite for classical ebullitions. I could have sent you plenty of them a few hours ago: thus reversing the custom of French orators, who publish in the newspapers the speeches they *had* intended to make: but, a few hours ago, I had not passed the public walks crowded with ROMANS drest in round hats and London cut coats; I had not been questioned by a ROMAN custom-house officer, if I was the "Signore "Inglese," mentioned in the "lascia passarre;" I had not debated, in *French*, with a ROMAN innkeeper about the price of our lodging,—the which debate ended in our engaging to keep it for one week at least at one louis a day; I had not been obliged to turn out of our apartment some ROMAN porters, who demanded an exorbitant price for having carried up our

luggage; and I was not sitting in a ROMAN room covered with an *English* carpet, and papered with views of *Paris*. But such having been, and being the case, I can only wish you a homely—Good night!

LETTER II.

Rome, November 4, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

NOTWITHSTANDING the light manner in which I concluded my last letter, I cannot but feel that a journey to Rome must necessarily *faire époque*, form an epoch in the life of a thinking man: and that, when looking back on the changes which have successively taken place in his own mind, he will recur to that epoch as to a time of the greatest interest. Though (by comparing the date of this with that of my former letter) you will perceive that I can as yet know but very little of Rome; yet how different are my present feelings from those which pressed upon me when I crossed the Ponte Milvio, and first beheld the waters of the Tiber and the distant dome of St. Peter's! It is, therefore, more particularly of the different impressions and

sensations caused by the sight of each object, than of the object itself, that I shall endeavour to give you an account. With the latter, you are as well acquainted as I am: for he who has perused the many publications of modern tourists, can seek, in every thing he visits, but the verification of what he has read. I myself am well schooled in what I am to expect in Rome: though, from my having so long resided on the continent, I have been unable to meet with many of these publications. In fact, they do not often cross the British Channel: foreigners have but a comparatively small degree of curiosity concerning what so much interests the English, most of whom either have travelled, are travelling, or intend to travel to the objects described. There is, however, one case in which the books of our tourists take a more extensive range: when, having incurred the displeasure of any foreign Sovereign, he forbids their entrance into his territory. Thus it is with Lady Morgan's tour, which is known all over the continent. So natural is this spirit of opposition, that the writer of any work whatever need wish for nothing more than that some Sovereign should forbid its entry into his states; the surest

means of drawing the attention of the public on the book.

The first things to be done after arriving were to seek an apartment, and withdraw from the Dogana—Custom-house—the trunks we had sent by sea from Leghorn. To begin with the latter; amongst them was a case of old books—mostly of education and Catholic piety—but for leave to read which, during our stay of six months, a tax of 18 scudi* was to be paid. In another box an old pink silk ball-dress caught the attention of the Custom-house officer; he refused to believe any assertions that it had been often worn, but, after much handling and *smelling*, he replaced it in the box with a disconsolate and disappointed air.† The *doganieri* of Rome are more troublesome and less polite than those of any other Italian state; excepting, however, those of Buffalora on the frontier of the territory of Milan. The façade of the Dogana di Terra is formed by the beautiful pillars of the Temple of

* About £4!!

† Although the Author has not specified with whom he was travelling, it must be presumed, from this ball-dress, that his party was under the influence of the fair sex.—*Printer's Devil.*

M. Aurelius Antoninus, between which a brick wall has been run up.

As to apartments, we had plenty to choose out of, few English having as yet arrived. But I found that all house-letters demanded the same rent, without the least respect to the quality of their apartments; and that all began by asking double the sum they expected, and even hoped to obtain, for the lodging. We engaged for six months, at 22 louis a month, without plate or linen, a good apartment in Palazzo—*Via di Ripetta*, the western street of the three great openings from the Piazza del Popolo.

The court of this house was, on one side, formed by the remains of the Mausoleum of Augustus. The ruins of this structure are now employed as a sort of amphitheatre, in which—as a German informed me—"*on pique tes pêtes et "tes peufs*," that is to say, they give bull fights or bull baitings, I do not know which.

The staircase of our palace is separated from the court by large *open* arches, from which no inconvenience is *here* found. Can you in England, without shuddering, imagine yourself returning from a ball, at three o'clock on a winter morning, and walking through the rays

of the moon, which, unintercepted by glass or casement, "gently sleep" on the marble slabs of our staircase?

In one of the salons is a small stove which the Romans greatly admire, because "*almeno non* "*si vede il fuoco*—at least the fire is not *seen*."

I have not mentioned my walk on the first morning after my arrival; a drizzling rain, which made the streets seem still more *tristes* than they really were, did not prevent me from sallying forth *à la découverte* as soon as I awoke. I was quickly in the irregular Piazza de Spagna, as completely the quarter of the English as Ghetto is that of the Jews: but, as it was rather early in the season—they do not generally arrive at Rome before the middle of November—I met but few of my countrymen; some there were sauntering about, one volume of Vasi—the guide book—open in their hands, while the corners of the two others peeped out of their coat pockets. I then ascended the fine flight of steps leading to the Church of the Trinità. From this elevation I overlooked the whole town, from the dome of S. Peter's, in front, to the proud remains of the Coliseum, and the Church of S. John Lateran on the left: still more to the South, beyond the

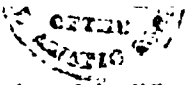
long street that traverses the Quirinal and the Viminal, there appeared, at the top of the Esquiline, two domes and a spire, to which I directed my walk. The church to which these belonged, I soon recognized as that of S. Maria Maggiore.

On each side of the front, properly speaking, of this Basilica, is a building divided up into stories of windows and mezzanini; this structure, which I guessed to be the habitation of the Canons, runs along both sides of the edifice, and gives it a mixed appearance between that of a church and that of a modern palace: for, independently of this fault, none of the churches of Rome have, on the outside, that grand and imposing architecture so agreeable to the notions we have of the Divinity. On entering the Basilica of S. M. Maggiore, I was at first struck by the beautiful appearance of its fine Ionic columns of white marble; but the naked walls they support, and the dark, low ailes beyond, immediately repressed this first movement of admiration. Yet, when a large church is erected with ancient pillars of the Grecian proportions, these incongruities must be found in it. No Grecian columns can be sufficiently tall to support *alone* a roof proportioned to the *length* of

a building of the size of S. M. Maggiore: the roof must, therefore, be placed on walls raised upon the pillars, to supply what is wanting in their height. From windows in these walls the church generally receives day-light; and, as the smaller aisles must be closed in at the height of the columns that separate them from the center of the nave, no light can reach them but from the centre aisle, or from the chapels that line the other sides of them. The small dimensions of the ancient Pagan temples rendered these awkwardnesses unnecessary. And why build Christian churches on so large a plan as that on which many at Rome are erected? Has the body of the Church of S. Maria Maggiore ever been one quarter full of people? If large Basilicæ are wanted, why are they not raised in the *center* of towns, in the place of the smaller churches which contain with difficulty the inhabitants of their populous parishes? You will say that this *was* the case, but that the *town* of Rome has deserted its Basilicæ: true, but these latter have been often repaired, since the removal of ancient Rome to its present site.

Of what necessity are the many small chapels that line the aisles of large churches? In those of

the primitive christians, one altar only was permitted: and, so sensible are priests of the inconvenience attendant on this multiplicity of altars, that the Communion is given at one altar only; a restriction most vexing to the people, and directly contrary to the Rubric, which orders that after the communion of the priest, *si qui sunt communicandi eos communicet.* Can any thing be more scandalous than what so frequently occurs in the large churches on the continent; that after the people have been kept for an hour, more or less, in expectation of Mass being celebrated, two or even three priests should suddenly appear at different altars, in different parts of the church, and that they should then perform the sacrifice as quickly as possible, as if a prize were to be gained by him who should first get over his task? A provision against this number of Masses at the same moment has, I believe, been made by the Church. Another inconvenience of Mass being celebrated at side altars is, that the altar is visible to those only of the assistants, who are directly in front of it: whereas the *high* altar is seen from all parts of the church. But the high altar is generally dedicated to Almighty God, while the side altars



are under the immediate protection of the different saints, to whom people pray more willingly, considering them to be more *à portée.* But these and many other scandals, which, I doubt not, I shall have occasion to observe, only prove the good sense of the Jew, who, on arriving at Rome, made himself a Catholic, saying, "that "no religion, but the true one, could continue "to subsist in spite of such abuses." I do not, however, know what you, a Protestant, will think of this discussion, which has indeed little to do with my present purpose, and which has made me forget that I am still only at the beginning of my rainy walk.

From S. Maria Maggiore I passed *au hazard* through a number of dirty streets, which brought me to the point at which I most wished to arrive —the Forum Romanum. I needs must say, that *here* disappointment was the prominent feeling: and *what* a disappointment! Though well acquainted with every monument I was to meet with, I walked over the ground, astonished at finding them so much ruined. Columns falling from the ravages of time, but braced up with modern iron work;* walls tottering for

* Temple of Jupiter Stator.

want of this very iron work, torn away by the ancestors of those who now replace it; one half of a building destroyed to construct palaces for those whose successors now prop up the remaining half with the greatest care and attention; one race of men building altars in veneration of the victims slain for the amusement of a former race;* the triumphal monuments of one age destroyed to adorn† those of another—too barbarous to suffice itself to itself,—while other arches, raised to record other victories, are mutilated by the shabby and parsimonious attempts made at this moment to preserve them;‡ in short, "admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep, for here "there is such matter for all feeling." The

* The Coliseum, which Clement X. consecrated on account of so many Saints having suffered martyrdom in its arena, around which he erected chapels, or rather altars.

† The arch of Constantine is adorned with bass reliefs taken from that of Trajan.

‡ The reparations making to the Arch of Titus, by Pius VII. are now nearly completed. I admire and give due credit to the spirit which prompted Pius VII. to preserve these monuments of antiquity, but I would rather he should have built plain buttresses or walls to support them, as in the Coliseum, than have attempted to restore their ancient architecture, as in this beautiful Arch of Titus.

best description of the Roman forum is contained in that simple, historical, and at the same time, prophetic line—

——— "passimque armenta videbant
"Romanoque Foro, et lautis mugire carinis."

More than this can be told you by a guide-book only. The Forum, though still used as an ox market, has in a great measure lost the denomination of Campo Vaccino.

I returned along the Via Sacra, and went out at what is now the northern end of the Foro Romano. How much I had lost, but how much also I had acquired, during the short hour I had passed within its limits! All my "sixth form "notions," all my enthusiasm, all my dreams, were broken in upon and vanished. I had entered it, exalted by the very thought of *where* I was; I had passed between the trees as if intruding on a ground sacred to classical recollections; I had hurried, with a feverish impatience, from one ruin to another; and I left it, myself and every thing else lowered in my own opinion; discontented with myself for having conceived such high notions of the place; discontented with the place, for not having equalled the ideas I had been taught to form of it; regretting that

I had come to Rome, since the knowledge of the reality had deprived me of my enthusiastic and more pleasing suppositions, yet pleased with being bereaved of them, and with being *now* unable to give way to others on the future; for the Roman Forum was the death-stroke to my curiosity, but gave a just level to my expectations.

In these dispositions I walked on, perfectly indifferent as to what path I followed. Indeed I thought it impossible for me to arrive at my inn without meeting with one or other of the many monuments I had not yet seen; and such, indeed, was the case. Coming out of a small street, I found myself in the square of S. Maria alla Minerva: in the center of this, a marble elephant supports a small obelisk on his back; but an obelisk is one of the few things which have never stood on the back of an elephant. From this place I saw, on my left, a low dome, which I recognised as that of the Pantheon. The difficulty was how to get at it? Small shabby houses were built against it, and these, as I approached nearer, intercepted the sight of it. Of two narrow filthy streets, I chose that on my right; and soon reaching the edge of a short but rapid descent, I found myself nearly

on a level with the capital of the corner pillar of the portico: at the base of this pillar lay a large reeking dunghill! I descended the declivity before me, and rose again to the fountain in front of the portico. So beautiful, so light, so majestic, when seen from a point much higher than the base of the columns,—what must it have been, when raised on a flight of seven steps; when surrounded by level ground, instead of standing, as it now does, in a hole; when, unencumbered by the ugly, massy, half Chinese, half Grecian belfries built upon it; when uninjured by the tall, heavy iron railing fastened against the exterior pillars; when unstript of its bronze covering, torn away to form the twisted, fantastic canopy, reared over the high altar of S. Peter's, and the useless, *innocent* cannon of the fort of S. Angelo; when the exterior circumference of the edifice was unembarrassed by the shabby houses built against it; when, I say, it had not suffered these and many other injuries inflicted upon it, by the imbecility,* the egotism,† and the

* What else could direct the building of the two belfries?

† Constans II. carried to his capital the bronze tiles of the Pantheon, and many other spoils of Rome.

envy,* of succeeding ages, what must have been the magnificence of this portico and building! What, also, can be finer than the *interior* of this structure! What an appearance of size and lightness! The dome is now white washed within! it is said to have been formerly covered with plates of silver.

Lord Byron, who gives a very just description of the Pantheon, calls it a "temple of all Gods "from Jove to Jesus!" Whatever Byron's religious sentiments may have been—or whether he himself knew what they were—is nothing to my purpose; but surely the conservation—such as it is—of the Pantheon, is a glorious triumphal monument for the religion that has preserved it, and ought to be held forth and cared for, as such, by the chiefs of that religion.

The busts which were formerly assembled in this temple are now placed elsewhere. A better reason, than the rapid succession of great men, might, I conceive, be given for their removal:

* Since all of it that could be useful to the church of St. Peter has been taken from the Pantheon, this last has been eft in a most ruined, neglected—look at its pavement—state. Is not this very like envy, for a monument that modern Rome has tried, but without success, to surpass?

the church of S. Maria ad Martyres* was ill suited for an exposition, which might not have been out of place in the Pantheon.

The square in front of the *Rotonda*,† and the neighbouring streets, form the grand poultry market. I made my way along these narrow lanes, passing between lambs and turkeys, sausages and wild-boars, suspended in front of the shops; my path being, also, now and then, crossed by fowls without feathers, these being—as is the custom at Rome—plucked off previous to killing the bird. Having reached the Dogana, I was acquainted with the road from there to the Hotel. Adieu.

*. The name given to this temple at its consecration.

† Its popular appellation.

LETTER III.

November 20, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FROM the windows of our apartment is a fine view of the church of S. Peter. I have not spoken sooner of this monument of modern Rome, as I wished, by reiterated visits, to make myself perfectly acquainted with it, before sending any remarks upon it. A succession of narrow streets conducts to the Ponte S. Angelo: this bridge is certainly handsome; but its greatest title to celebrity is derived from its leading across the Tiber to the tomb of Hadrian and the basilica of S. Peter. After traversing the bridge, and turning immediately to the left, the street branches out into two, at the end of each of which one corner of the façade of the church is seen. It is said to have been intended to clear away he mass of houses contained between these two

streets: by the carrying into effect of this plan, a large triangular *place* would have reached from the foot of S. Angelo to the church. Visiters now *come out* at one corner of the open space before this latter building, and are prevented by the advanced end of the colonnade from seeing at once the whole structure.

Why can I not give to this edifice the unbounded admiration it is almost entitled to claim? Why must I, in *this* church, blame what, in *other* buildings, might have my fullest praise? It is, that faults are doubly lamented in so near an approach to perfection; and those faults that are here observed must be contrasted with the beauties of the plan, according to which it was first intended to erect this monument.

I have never been able to form any definite opinion on the colonnade which stretched before me, when, at my first visit, I stood below the obelisk to survey it. It has certainly a grand effect, though it appears too small for the building to which it leads; and four rows of pillars are, most unnecessarily, crowded together to support an useless roof, that would have rested as safely on half that number. These pillars are not formed of one single block, but of many

separate stones; you will say that, in a colonnade of near three hundred pillars, it cannot be expected that they should be otherwise; true, but at *Rome* this plurality of stones in one column has a shabby appearance. The obelisk and fountains, in the centre of the space enclosed by the colonnade, have a too ornamental and garden-like air; which is increased by the shape of these fountains, similar to those generally seen in gardens, but formed of a greater number of squirts which divide up the mass of water.

The colonnade is on each side joined to the church by a naked wall; it is decorated only by some scarce-perceptible pilasters, which seem to break off its connection with the main body of the building: these walls enclose a covered gallery leading from the one to the other.

The façade of the church I can only compare to a new-built *hôtel de ville*, town-hall, or some other public building; not to a church,—that is the last thing to which it can be assimilated. Pillars and pilasters placed one on the other; the intermediate space occupied by arched and oblong gateways, by square and long windows,—some with, some without balconies,—and by mezzonini, sometimes open, sometimes blocked up with bass-

reliefs, as if to save window tax; a small pediment rising over one-third only of the extent of façade; this pediment, and the rest of the entablature at each end of it, surmounted by a high wall, ornamented with pilasters and square windows, and supporting a stone balustrade, above the two ends of which arise two clocks, with *pink-coloured* faces, which themselves support a tiara and two keys; three domes, partly concealed by this wall and balustrade, even from the distant point from which I then viewed them, but which, as I approached nearer, entirely sunk behind this vile screen;—such is the façade of S. Peter's, and such are some of the blemishes inflicted by a stupid architect* on what is nevertheless the finest monument in the world.

Passing through one of the gateways already mentioned, I then entered the long ante-room, called a portico; the use or beauty of this I could never discover. In it I sought for the two fountains, mentioned by Eustace, and found, with difficulty, two meagre squirts issuing from the wall.

It was not without a presentiment of disappointment that I lifted up the heavy screen that

* Carlo Maderno.

closed over one of the doors of the church: as it fell back from my hand, unaccustomed to its weight, it struck against my hat, which I disembarrassed from it with no small difficulty. This event would have been sufficient to put to flight all expectant enthusiasm, if such had oppressed me! Nevertheless I could not walk down the centre of the building without being overpowered by the majesty of the whole; I had not sufficient *sang-froid* to examine the details. I proceeded to pay my devotions at the tomb of the Apostles; when I knelt down, my mind was too much exalted, too much overwhelmed by admiration, for me to be able to collect my ideas into any distinct form of prayer; but, on rising up, I found that I had been repeating, without intending it, without being conscious of what I was doing, the hymn, "Gloria in excelsis Deo," the last verse of which still lingered on my lips! I mention this as a proof of the effect that the first sight of this temple cannot fail to produce.

It was not therefore till a second visit that I was able to criticise the inside of this beautiful but faulty edifice. The side aisles I then perceived to bear no proportion with the center, and that, although so narrow, they are also en-

cumbered by tombs of popes and sovereigns. The transept, *crociata*, appeared to me too narrow and not sufficiently ornamented. Looking, from the west end,* down the center aisle, a bad effect is produced by windows seen over the doors, and which communicate between the church and the second story of the portico. The plain, oblong, sash windows placed in many parts of the Basilica, particularly those round the dome, have a drawing-room appearance. Of the dome itself I say nothing; the boast recorded of Michael Angelo is in some sense fulfilled; a dome, it is true, but not a pantheon, is raised in the air: an architectural difficulty has been overcome; but has an architectural beauty been gained? Ought a dome to be placed on huge pillars of masonry, like the cover of a pepper-box standing on stilts? I think not. The interior of the dome of S. Peter's is not visible from the entrance of the church. The *whole* of it can be seen by those only who stand immediately under it; and even then its proportions cannot be judged of. On account of the height to which it is raised, it cannot be perceived how great is its expanse of

* It must be remembered that this church is entered from the Eastern end.

arched roof. When a dome is on the earth, as the Pantheon, its form, its majesty, and its extent, break at once on the spectator, who sees it rise from the ground, and sublimely bend above him; it forms, of itself, a grand hall, every part of which is present to the eye. But the dome of S. Peter's has not the least relation to the hall below; and the conviction of its utter inutility pervades the mind, at the same time that the strained eyes and distorted neck give sensible proofs of the inconvenience of its situation. The end of architecture is to create a fine object, at the same time that a want is supplied; that, therefore, which is unnecessary and useless, is devoid of its greatest claim to admiration.

An easy staircase leads to the roof; I was disappointed, on reaching it, to find none of that grandeur and bustle mentioned with such enthusiasm by Eustace. On the contrary, the different glass lanterns, of the various domes which peep through it, have the appearance of so many glass hot-houses. The two minor domes, seen, when at a sufficient distance, one on each side of the large one, are of no possible use; they have no communication with the inside of the church, but are raised on pillars on the flat roof. Of what

service are the enormous pillar-covered buttresses built against the great dome? If they were placed there to support it, they have ill fulfilled their office, for the dome is split. These buttreses give it the ungraceful appearance of being too wide for its height. A staircase, as good as possible, leads up the body of the dome; and a perpendicular ladder passes through the trunk on which the ball rests. A man, if not too fat, can ascend, without much difficulty, this ladder; and bend himself, if he has not the rheumatism, in the ball above: this I have often heard described as being of far more capacious dimensions. From hence the sea is descried on fine days; it is unnecessary to add that there is an extensive bird's-eye view of the town, the Campania, and the surrounding hills.

Descending from the dome, I endeavoured to make the tour of the church; this was no easy matter. My progress was first arrested by the sacristy, built by Pius VII. on the south side of the Basilica, and joined to it by a gallery, which, on the inside, is very handsome, but which intercepts the exterior view of the church. Farther on is a small white house placed in the center of an open space, from which, if it were removed,

the Western end and the South side would be seen to advantage. At the Western end, the Vatican hill has been cut away to procure a sufficient extent of level ground; but so little space is left between the wall of the church and the perpendicularly-cut side of the hill, that it appears as if, as at the Coliseum, only so much earth had been cleared away as was necessary to enable the once-buried wall to be seen. To get round the Northern side, I was obliged to traverse the damp courts of the Vatican palace, and to pass under the windows that lead from the church to the museum. Seen from the front of the Basilica, this ugly, bulky palace, communicating with the church, and presenting a greater mass of building than the front of the church itself, looks, from its elevated situation, like the habitation of the *seigneur*, the great man, towering by the side of his newly-erected private chapel.

How different would this edifice have been, had the plan of Michael Angelo been followed; had it been built in the form of a Greek cross, fronted by a portico similar to that of the Pantheon! Paul V.—"Borghesius"—deviated from this plan; and, having erected the ante-room and façade, recorded the deed by an inscription,

in which his own name is blazoned forth, at full length, in the center place; while, on the remainder of the frieze, broken up into various right angles, is inscribed little more than the initials of those in whose honour the building is raised! But all these reflections fade away before the thought that this Basilica has caused the schism of one-third of Europe; an unforeseen event, for the sole purpose of recording which the edifice may be fancied to exist; for, in other respects, it is the most useless church in Rome, which is saying a great deal; but of this inutility I shall hereafter have occasion to speak. Adieu.

LETTER IV.

Rome, 5th Dec. 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On inquiring the other day for a tailor, I was directed to ——, "in the Campus Mar-"tius." This address struck me as much as that of the washerwoman—"*vicino alla Rocca* "*Tarpeia*"—did Corinne.

Having ended my business with him, I drove to the tomb of C. Cestius, and the ruins of the Basilica of S. Paul. How curious is this often occurring partition of the day,—between visits to the relics of ancient Rome, and to the populous streets risen around and above them!

A pyramid is a grand and imposing object, and particularly adapted to be a funeral monu-

ment. But why break open this tomb? Because its tenant died near two thousand years ago? Ought his remains to be less respected on that account? Are they rather not consecrated by the time that has passed over them? Would not this tomb be looked upon with much greater awe, was it known still to contain the remains of a fellow creature, than now that it is despoiled of these remains, and broken open and plundered, in love of the fine arts forsooth?

The neighbourhood of this sepulchre is well chosen for a burying ground; but the inscriptions on many of the tombs of the Protestants—or "Riformati," in general, appeared to me affected and out of place.

Not far from the Pyramid of C. Cestius, the Basilica of S. Paul formerly stood. This church was burnt down on the night of the 16th of June, of the summer before my arrival: from what now remains of it, it must have been a most splendid structure. At this time I saw the ground covered with large heaps of rubbish, out of which rose the crumbling ruins of the exterior walls, and several most magnificent Corinthian pillars; but these latter were all either broken off, at a greater or less height, or split

perpendicularly, from base to capital, by the heat of the fire. Pieces of Mosaic, curious from their antiquity, and from the art of making them being now lost, lay scattered over the ruins, together with fragments of different precious marbles,—*rosso*, *giallo*, *nero antico*, and porphyry. Workmen were employed in bracing up, with iron and wood, the falling pillars, and in clearing the ground below.

The different particles of the Mosaic destroyed by the conflagration, are now set in gold, and worn as fashionable ornaments by ladies at Rome; and the gates of the church, which were partly melted by the fire, have been reduced into small rings, and sold at two or three pauls a piece: and in the form of these rings, signed with S. P., the famous *Corinthian Æs*, of which the gates were composed, is finally dispersed over the world! My servant shews me an enormous nail of the same metal, which he picked up on the spot at the moment of the destruction of the church.

Visiters are forbidden to carry away any of these relics: the prohibition is of course unattended to. Nevertheless, the porter mentioned to me a petty scheme of smuggling, which his

intervention had defeated a few days before. In this instance a party of English was going over the place, when a lady picked up a piece of a marble balustrade that had formerly surrounded an altar. This she committed to the care of a "Milordino"—a young English dandy, who accompanied her. *His* endeavours to hide it under his morning coat were, however, fruitless: the coat was cut away too gracefully to afford ample covering to the large lump of marble, which rebounded, on the other side, from his tight-laced, well-drawn stays. The "Milordino" was thus *au désespoir:* he saw his inability to conceal the burden, but could not refuse the charge. At length, on arriving at the door, he was delivered from his embarrassment by the porter, who had beheld the whole intrigue.

A committee is appointed to rebuild this Basilica, I believe on the ancient plan. If so, great sums will be spent to brace up splintered columns, and reconstruct a church, which, were it in the centre of Rome, would still be of an useless, unnecessary size: how much more so, when placed in fields at a distance of two miles from the walls of the town! The Committee would do better, were they to build, out of the ruins of

the Basilica, and over the tomb of the Apostle, a handsome chapel, proportioned in size to the number of the religious of the adjoining convent, and of the congregation of the neighbourhood.

On the feast of S. Charles, the Pope officiated at high mass in the church dedicated to that saint. This was the first time I had seen Leo XII.: his countenance appeared to me severe, but his features had in them nothing *marquant* or extraordinary. He seemed to suffer greatly from illness, and had, indeed, been confined ever since his election: he had, at that time, told the Cardinals that "they were placing a corpse on "the chair of S. Peter." As the custom of the Pope's being carried on men's shoulders was not, at the time I am speaking of, present to my mind, I did not at first perceive him as he was borne into the church. Indeed, a lady, who had been unable to discover him as he past down the aisle, exclaimed, when I afterwards described to her what had been his *situation*, "And pray "how should any one think of looking up there "for him?" Such, however, is the custom, and it must be supposed that it cannot be deviated from.

I, two days afterwards, met his Holiness going to ride out: six carriages preceded, and six fol-

lowed, that of the Pope, which was drawn by six white horses bearing white plumes. On each side of the train of carriages were running footmen, drest in livery, and carrying staves.

On the morning of the 20th of last month, I went to the private chapel in the Papal palace of Monte Cavallo-Quirinal. This chapel is a large plain hall, with one altar in it; the canopy over this altar is precisely like that over the throne of the Pope which rises beside it! The newly-made Cardinals de la Fare, Clermont Tonnerre, and ————, were to receive the hats of their order. I found them sitting alone on a step in the chapel, while some good singing was performed by the orchestra. The rest of the Sacred College then entered in procession, and led the three *postulants* into a private room, where they received the hats from the hands of the Pope, and where *their mouths were opened*—that is, they were endowed with the full rights of Cardinals. The procession then returned into the chapel, and the ancient Cardinals retired, each embracing, as he passed, his newly received brethren.

The scarlet cloaks and ermine mantles of Cardinals look grand and rich; but their ordi-

nary dress—scarlet stockings, scarlet caps, and scarlet-bound coats—is far from being a dignified apparel. The wearers of this attire are, for the most part, quiet old men, careless of etiquette, and with easy, friendly manners. From different circumstances I see more of them than most English, and have experienced civility from many. I have heard a *guardia nobile**—when a Roman lady laughed at him for being an officer of the Pope's army—assert, in order to prove the majesty of the government for which he bore arms, that all the Cardinals were princes of the blood, since out of their number the Sovereign was chosen. This was just in point of fact, and might serve a guardsman to repel a too-true jest: their way of living is not, however, very princely. Their carriages are generally red and gilt, and, on particular occasions, each Cardinal is attended by three, drawn by more or fewer horses. At the foot of their stairs is a letter-box, fixed against the wall, but which is now never made use of. In their

* This officer, Count BRANCALEONE, was, I believe, himself ignorant of the existence of his probable ancestor—the famous Bolognese Senator of Rome. (Gibbon, vol. xii. chap. LXIX.)

anteroom—in which stands a throne with a canopy above it, a privilege enjoyed by the anterooms of most or all Roman princes—in their anteroom is found a man—generally a tailor—who sits at work over a large pan of lighted cinders, invariably used by the servants of Rome. This man either desires the visiter to walk on, or points to a large book and ink-stand, requesting him to inscribe his name. If his Eminence receives, livery servants, in the next room, announce the name to the secretary, commonly a young priest, or to the waiting gentleman, who, drest in a black court coat, sword, buckles, &c. leads the visiter through a suite of apartments, generally hung with old-fashioned tapestry, to a small cabinet at the other end, in which the Cardinal is usually found seated behind a huge desk, covered with appropriate materials. His Eminence then comes forward, holds out his hand, expecting it to be kissed, but, in case such should not be the taste of the visiter, he receives a respectful shake with more humility and courtesy than the "Author "of Waverley" attributes to the Cardinal of "Redgauntlet:" but the Cardinal of "Red-"gauntlet" was, in fact, a prince of the blood;

whereas it requires the arguments of modern Romans to prove that the Cardinals are so *en masse*. I say *en masse*, because *one* prince of a sovereign house has donned the purple—whether from humility or ambition I do not pretend to judge. If for the latter reason, the plan is well imagined; but the other Cardinals are supposed to be sufficiently resolved against compromising, even in appearance, the independence of the Church.

But the visiter, whom I have brought into the presence of the Cardinal?.....he must retire from it with another kiss of the hand, and will receive either cards, or a personal visit, in return. If the former are sent, the servant sometimes attends on the following day to enquire after the health of the person thus honoured; and it is understood that these enquiries are to be repaid by a present of two or three pauls. But, after a ball or evening party in a Roman house, the servants regularly make their tour to all those who have been invited, and the gifts they receive are proportioned to the pleasure that each one has enjoyed at the previous *soirée*.

Over the doors of Cardinals, and Roman

nobles and senators,—this latter is, of course, an empty, *inconcludent* name,—are fixed two escutcheons, on one of which are painted the family arms, on the other are blazoned forth the insignificant and degenerate letters S. P. Q. R.! These initials have, as you know, been filled up in a manner not very creditable to the Roman ladies and their sons.* Adieu.

* "Sono p—i questi Romani."

LETTER V.

Rome, Dec. 11, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE election of the present Pope is still an event too recent for it not to be often the subject of conversation. The accounts I hear of this election are curious; but, as I cannot vouch for their truth, I send them only as the *on dits* of the Romans.

Thus, therefore, *on dit* that the Courts of France, Spain, and Austria, have the right of putting one *veto* each on the election to the pontificate of any Cardinal in particular; and that, to this end, each of these powers has in a conclave* a representative, to whom is given a list of those Cardinals who are disagreeable to his

* You English always talk about a *conclave*, when you wish to denote an assembly of Cardinals: a conclave is a re-union of Cardinals for the election of a Pope; any other assembly of them is termed a consistory.

principal: when any Cardinal thus designated is on the point of being elected, the representative "*a chi tocca*—whose affair it is"—puts in the veto of his Sovereign. But, as this right can only be exercised once by each Court, the representative naturally defers, till the last moment, the exhibition of his veto; although, if the number of votes—two-thirds of the conclave—be once completed, the Cardinal is elected, and vetos are no longer available. Now it is said that Cardinal Sevaroli*—to whom I was introduced a few days since, and whom I found a very sensible, amiable man—was, at the last conclave, on the point of being elected, when the representative of Austria stopped further proceedings. This veto is attributed to Sevaroli's having, when legate at Vienna, refused to be present at Napoleon's marriage with the Archduchess. Thus the Emperor was offended at a refusal to witness—on account of its being contrary to the rules of the Church—the ceremony of a marriage which he himself permitted at the time, though he afterwards showed that he considered it as a forced *mésalliance* of a noble sovereign house with an upstart soldier—its

* He died a few months after.

conqueror: unless, indeed, the subsequent separation of the party can be attributed to the same reasons as influenced Sevaroli. But, be that as it may, Sevaroli was refused; and some of the Cardinals being, for some reason or other, particularly tired of the conclave, they applied to the rejected Sevaroli to recommend a successor. He named his friend Cardinal della Genga; the necessary number of votes was collected during the night, and the next morning Cardinal della Genga was proclaimed Pope.* But it is said, that Cardinal della Genga was amongst those whom Cardinal de la F. the representative of the Court of France, was ordered to refuse:

* While shut up in conclave, each Cardinal is attended by one man servant, by whom certain formalities are to be observed. Thus, it appears, that it is not permitted to wear long cue-wigs. It is reported that a French servant, on attendance on one of the Cardinals, was ornamented with one of those *queues* which Miss Biddy Fudge admired as the distinguishing dress of a French postilion. For two days following, as the French servant entered the conclave, he was admonished to curtail his wig. Such a sacrifice was not easily to be resolved on, and he persisted in wearing the appendage. On the third day, as he was passing the porter's lodge, bearing on a tray a large pie, he suddenly started, dashed the tray and *paté* to the floor, and turning round, was convinced of the truth of his presentiment by perceiving the malicious porter exalting in one hand his *queue*,—in the other, a huge pair of scissars.

and that he, Cardinal de la F., although informed, over night, of the canvassing that was going on, had delayed exercising his veto until the next morning; thinking it impossible that Cardinal de la Genga, who had scarcely had any votes the day before, *could* be elected in one night. This is the story reported: yet Cardinal de la F. speaks much in praise of Leo XII. and asserts that his election was decreed by Providence: and in truth, it seems to have been "quite providential," if the Court of France was opposed to it.

Cardinal de la Genga is said to be of a poor gentleman's family of Spoleto; it is added, that he was the very last person expected to be raised to the Pontificate. In his youth he had been a great *chasseur*, and followed the chase as an exercise beneficial to his health. On this account, as soon as his exaltation was made known, it was hailed by the following epigram of the still subsisting Pasquino;

"Se il Papa è cacciatore
"Son cani i Cardinali,
"Son selve le Provincie,
"Ed i sudditi animali."*

* "If the Pope is a hunter—the cardinals are the dogs—the provinces are the woods—and the subjects are the animals."

These lines, having been made immediately after the nomination, are only the ebullitions of a pleasant good nature; for the Romans were as yet unable to judge of the future government of their new sovereign.

Yesterday evening I was present at a grand assembly of the "Philharmonic Society," who, in a sort of oratorio composition, lamented the death of Pius VII., and rejoiced at the exaltation of Leo XII. The singing and music performed by amateurs—many of them titled—was good. I shall transcribe and translate into English some parts of the *cantata*: they will help to explain to you what I conceive to be the sentiments and feelings of the modern Romans. The interlocutors you will perceive to be RELIGION, ROME, the GENIUS OF THE FINE ARTS, and TIME.

The performance opened by a choir of Romans lamenting the death of Pius VII., and assimilating themselves to a "flock of frightened "sheep who abandon the fold, if they lose the "assistance of their sacred pastor, while the "woods protect the wild beast, terror of "the flock."

ROME.—*(Answers.)*

"Who weeps around me? Who speaks of

" terror? Miserable me! Oh! how, formerly
" queen of the world, am I covered, in one
" instant, with a mortal paleness! I seek in
" yain the adored image of my pastor, of my
" sovereign. My sons offer up their prayers on
" the tomb of the just one. In the mean time
"'the Tiber, poor of waters, descends to the sea,
" and from its friendly banks answers to my
" sighs and to my tears. I seek in vain the
" ancient glory on the edge of Tarpeia; to one
" in pain there remains but the barbarous recol-
" lection of the good he has lost. The grief I
" nourish in my breast obliges me to weep.
" Ah! just God, do not deny me at least one
" ray of hope!"

The meaning of these remarks is too plain; the Genius of Fine Arts answers therefore, and applies her grief—of Rome—to the death of the late Pope. RELIGION then appears on the scene, lamenting for the same cause; she is consoled by TIME, who recalls to herthat "one
" instant often changes torment into sweet
" pleasure; that he himself—TIME—gives as-
" sistance to the unhappy, and that he sometimes
' covers their misfortunes with forgetfulness—
" so great is his power!"

For fear the drift of those observations should not be *rightly* understood, ROME answers, "thou "speakest well. Hope is a goad, a stay to life; "it is fed by reason and forgetfulness!"

"But," replies the Genius of Fine Arts, "when the idea of an evil is too, too excessive; "when the bitter wound is deep in the heart, "and the whole soul is concentrated in sorrow, "who is it that can forget the bitter grief, and "listen to the friendly voice of Hope?"

To turn away again the evident meaning of these remarks, RELIGION says, "I trust in my "Lord. He always defended his beloved "spouse from hostile attacks: he dries her tears "and consoles her; and, through the shocks of "a barbarous storm, he guides her to a victo- "rious and beautiful port!"

RELIGION seems to speak *here* the language of Rome. However, the old consoler, Time, replies, "Perhaps the hour of common jubilee is "near at hand. I hear the prayers of the mi- "nisters of the temple; the sorrowful altars "smoke with Arabian incense; behold, they "slay the victim of peace. Ah! let us not delay "a single instant to offer up our vows on the "wings of faith."

In answer to this exhortation, the Choir prays to the "Creating Spirit to descend, and fire their "breasts; and to give back its pastor to the "flock it defends."

ROME and the GENIUS then sing together, "Great God, if it pleased thee to found the "throne on the banks of the Tiber, remember "the gift, have pity on us."

RELIGION and TIME prudently take to themselves this observation, by "requesting a pilot, "and pity for the beloved ship, alone on the sea."

After a few more prayers from the Choir, imploring the descent of the "Creating Spirit," ROME and the GENIUS cry out, "Living Sun, "that fires our souls, ah! tear aside the veil of "darkness, and let thy serene light shine again "in heaven."

What this *Sun* may be is not specified; and the first part of the cantata concludes after a few more prayers for the restoration of the pastor to the flock.

The second part opens with a rather too poetical description of the manner in which the Spirit of the Lord had descended on the Council; and with the anxious inquiries of ROME, "whe-"ther the flock will hear the accents of its new

"pastor?" She then, with the GENIUS and RELIGION, laments, that "since the grief of the "just and of the temple was of such short dura- "tion, the impious do not immediately return to "respect the God:" each, probably, giving his particular interpretation to the word God— "*Nume.*"

"But," cries the GENIUS, "what festive ap- "plause resounds around, and what harmonious "chime of the sacred bronzes* strikes the air?"

ROME.

"Oh! instant—listen, those are the joyful "bolts of pacific Mars." Pacific Mars! *alias* the cannon of S. Angelo: and *this* in the mouth of Rome!

RELIGION.

"Ah! yes, all assures our hearts that the "monarch and the pastor has been chosen."

Hereupon the Choir sings some stanzas. TIME then enters, and tells "Rome to exult; "and do thou,† honour of Umbria, rejoice fully "in so happy a moment!"

ROME.

"What sayest thou? Ah! what unusual

* Subauditur *bells.*

† "Spoleto, country of his Holiness."

"pleasure is awakened in my breast! Per-
"haps the illustrious descendant of ancient
"heroes—the splendour of Genga*—

TIME.

"Ah! yes, this one is the unconquered hie-
"rarch chosen by God. He has named himself
"Leo: so fine a name is of joyful augury to us;
"and in every shore the impious will shortly
"hear its lion-roar."

Much exultation is then shewn by all the *dramatis personæ;* and the poem ends with two similies—the first sung by ROME and the GENIUS:

"A cloud hostile to the sun may indeed arise
"from an obscure valley; but it does not darken
"the orb, the giver of light."

The other by RELIGION and TIME:

"A rock oppressed by the waves seems buried
"in the sea; but soon the waves lick the foot of
"the self-same rock."

Is the Roman empire here represented by the *sun* and the *rock?* If so, the remainder of the simile is easily applied.

* "Feudal property, from which the most noble family of the "Pope takes its name." These two notes are copied from the Italian text. I have before mentioned to you what I hear from other Romans concerning the family of his Holiness.

This cantata was performed in presence of the Cardinals, and most of the first people in the town; and was much applauded. I believe it to express the lingering *hopes* of the Romans, though they were unable to declare their sentiments as to their *present* situation. This situation they feel most strongly: in speaking of the ancient Romans, they generally add, "*gli antichi* "*s'intende, non quelli d'oggi*—the ancient be it "understood, not those of the present day." Of their descent from these Romans they make a bitter joke. The Duchessa —— was expressing to me a wish that she had been born a subject of any other country, rather than a Roman: "What!" cried a Roman nobleman, "are you "not proud of being a Roman, a descendant of "the heroes of Troy, of the conquerors of the "world?" '*Oh, bah! que c'est beau*—pshaw! how 'grand!' was the only answer; and the conversation continued, turning on what had happened "*du tems des Romains*—in the time of the Ro- "mans." It was well understood *what* Romans were meant.

They—the modern Romans—often lament to me that the only field open to their ambition, the only *carriere* in which they can hope to gain

advancement and riches, is that of the clergy ; " unless, indeed," they add,—for they always mix pleasantry with their lamentations—" unless " we make ourselves brigands; for when a man " has gained renown as a chief of robbers and " assassins, he is certain that on giving up the " business, and capitulating with the govern- " ment, he will be immediately pardoned, and " will have a pension settled on him for life."

Such is their condition. They complain, and with reason, that every branch of the administration is intrusted to the clergy; the chief of the government being of that order. But why not admit his secular subjects to secular charges? The Pope is, indeed, head of the church, and, as such, chief of a religious government; but he is also, temporal sovereign, and, as such, head of a secular government. These reflections are, however, of no avail to the laymen who want places; and they pass their lives as best they may. Adieu.

LETTER VI.

Dec. 21*st*, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

On the 15th inst. I attended at a High Mass celebrated, in the Basilica of S. John Lateran, in commemoration of the conversion of Henry IV. of France to the Catholic faith: an event well worthy of commemoration. The French Ambassador, placed on a sort of throne, represented the king of France; and some of the English Catholics present probably carried back their imaginations to the times commemorated, and thought on the tameness of *their* ancestors, from the consequences of which they, and one third of the English nation, still suffer persecution and insult.

Of this Basilica—the episcopal seat of the Sovereign Pontiff—you need no description; the beauty of its arches and plaster pilasters make one almost forget and pardon the architect who has enclosed within them the ancient columns.

From hence I went to the church of S. Maria degli Angeli, formed out of one of the rooms of the baths of Dioclesian. The floor of this hall has been raised six feet, the same portion of the ancient pillars has been buried beneath, and sham pedestals have been placed round their actual base; yet the church has, nevertheless, so light and airy an appearance that I never enter it without feeling a sensation of giddiness, as if the building were floating through the sky.

Near the ruins of these baths is the fountain *di Termini*, which Eustace mentions with rapturous admiration, and gives his readers the most exalted notions of one of the most barbarous constructions to be found in Rome. The front of this piece of masonry is of travertine, partitioned up by four slender, shabby pillars, between which are some ugly bass-reliefs, representing Moses striking the rock with his miraculous rod; but the water, instead of issuing from the said rock, falls from a broad squirt,

placed under the sculpture, into a marble horse-trough below: the mass of liquid here contained would be very inadequate to quench the thirst of the parched army of Israelites.

Much has been said in admiration of the fountains of Rome, and much praise they certainly deserve; the only question is as to the distribution of this praise. The first place should, I conceive, be assigned to the fountain of the Piazza Novona; though many incongruities are blended together in its composition, yet the design of it is grand and noble. The Fontana di Trevi ranks next: this would be finer, were the rocks and tritons placed in less symmetrical order, and covered with a more plentiful supply of water: that in the bason of the fountain is too agitated for it to have been possible for Corinne to recognise on its surface the reflected face of her lover.

I do not recollect what reason Madame de Staël gives for their excursion to this dirty market-place; but Corinne, being an Englishwoman, was probably a good walker, and her being in love must account for this *extravagance*, as well as for her mad race from Naples to Portici, a distance of four or five miles.

The Fontana Paolina is fine and rich in its mass of waters, which are, however, from their retired situation, of little ornament to the town.

I went yesterday with a particular *permesso*—order—to see a discovery lately made in the tomb of Hadrian—Castel S. Angelo. This discovery has not, I believe, been mentioned by tourists, nor is it noticed in my edition of Fea's Guide—although professing to be *printed in* 1824. I shall, therefore, endeavour to describe it to you.

On arriving at the Corps de Garde, and requesting to see the Castle, a soldier was appointed to lead me over it. He conducted me round the fortifications, mounted with the bronze of the Pantheon, and to the site of the Angel, from whence is a fine view of the town. It is curious that this statue of the Archangel, beheld from below, appears, according to the position of the beholder, either as an eagle or a bull's head.

My conductor then asserted that he had shewn me every part of the Castle; I mentioned the newly-discovered passage, and was answered with a dull stare of perfect ignorance. At length I shewed my *permesso*, it was taken to

the *commandante*, and my soldier returned with torches to conduct me.

A hole in the floor of one of the modern corridors of the fort had always been covered with planks. No one had ever thought of exploring whither this hole led, until about seven months ago an officer, who had lived six years in the castle, and who during that time had passed every day across the planks, suddenly determined to ascertain what was concealed under them. Having let himself down by cords, he found himself in a passage, about seven feet wide, and fifteen high; this passage was nearly choked up with earth and rubbish, and seventeen hundred cart-loads were afterwards cleared out of it: its floor and walls are covered with mosaic. The grand entrance into the *tomb* is now, therefore, discovered to have been directly opposite the bridge of S. Angelo: this entrance had been walled up in later times. On the interior side of this wall is a room formerly adorned with marbles, and with a large statue placed in a niche opposite the portal; but which are now broken, and piled together on the floor. From this room I followed the passage on the right. It mounts with a gentle ascent, preserving the

same breadth and height I have already mentioned: a coach and six might easily drive up it. It was anciently lighted by *spiragli*—vent-holes—at the top. It continues to wind upwards, making the internal circle of the building, until it is arrested by a modern staircase, which in its course from the bottom to the top of the fort, fell in with the ancient passage, and pierced through it. The passage thus broken in upon was walled up on each side of the staircase. Beyond this staircase the ancient passage has not been explored, on account, as is pretended, of the buildings erected over it. The same staircase pierces also through the room in which the newly-discovered passage terminates.

In this room, which is large and lofty, and which was, as is still evident, richly ornamented, the sarcophagi of the Imperial family are said to have been placed. In it was found a porphyry urn, which Innocent II. transported to S. J. Lateran, to adorn his own tomb. Those parts of this room—which is, it seems, in the very center of the tower—that are not occupied by the staircase that traverses it, are now used as military dungeons; the actual floors of which are five feet higher than the ancient pavement.

The present appearance of the Castle S. Angelo is truly barbarous. A fort of itself is a fine object: but this mixture of the fort and the tomb is most incongruous. The *corps de garde* at the foot of what remains of the tomb—the modern quarters of the soldiers erected upon it—and the Archangel surmounting the whole fabric, which is encompassed by modern fortifications—present a picture of the different stages through which Rome has passed, from the time when it was able to erect such a monument, until the present day, when he who has possession of it sways the surrounding city and state. Adieu.

LETTER VII.

Rome, 7th January, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You have probably heard of the midnight mass, which, in Catholic countries, is usually celebrated on the night of Christmas-Day. This custom I had often heard blamed, as giving rise to much confusion and scandal in the churches. Wishing to ascertain whether this report were true or not, I attended on the 25th at the midnight mass performed in the church of S. Luigi de Francesi. It was full of people of all classes; mass was sung by the Abbé Duc de Rohan, and the greatest order and decency prevailed: the assembly behaved full as devoutly as they would have done had the hour been midday instead of midnight.

On the morning after, I was at the church of S. M. Maggiore, to see exposed, under one of the altars, what is said to be a part of the crib in which the infant Jesus was laid. A crystal case, ornamented with gold too closely wrought for any thing to be distinguishable within, was pointed out to me. For the identity of such relics we have the continued belief of successive ages; these ages may, it is true, have been deceived; but many of the objects exposed to their veneration may also, with great probability, have been preserved by the primitive christians of Syria, who were *à portée* to judge of their merits, and who could not easily be imposed upon. With the spread of the christian religion these objects were transported into other countries, and received on the evidence of the faithful of the East. When, however, there is any reasonable cause of incredulity, it should be attended to in defiance of popular belief. Thus, in the case of the *scala santa*—holy staircase, said to be the same that our Saviour passed over in the house of Pontius Pilate. But, after the entire destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, after a plough had passed over the line of its walls, how did S. Helen, the mother of Constantine, recognise

these steps? The devout ascend them on their knees;* and many English Protestants do the same, and then glory in the feat they have performed. It happened the other day, that two young Englishmen passed before the place at the same moment when an old man and woman were kneeling down on the lowest step: they arrested the attention of the Englishmen, who immediately laid a bet on the two performers; who, unconscious of the importance of speed, quietly ascended the staircase, repeating the accustomed prayers. The wager turned, therefore, on which of the two should first reach the top of the steps. They—the English—stood below, each loudly exulting, and doubling his wager, as his *protegé* or *protegée* gained the advance. It is by these manners that the English alienate the minds of the people of every country they visit: there was not, I believe, in Rome a single Cardinal but had heard of this wager; it was related even to the Pope himself; for when it had been told to one, it was naturally repeated as a further proof of the insular and impertinent spirit of English travellers. These English have lately run in great numbers to witness the *professions*

* They descend by side staircases.

of various young women on their entering convents. The sight is, indeed, interesting and affecting, and the pity of our countrymen is greatly excited on seeing the hair of the *victim* (as they term her) cut off; but as the sacrifice is at present voluntary,—the abuses which existed in this matter before the French Revolution having been corrected,—the compassion of the beholders is, probably, uncalled for. In France vows are made for a limited time only; and if any member of a religious order chooses to break these vows, and quit his convent, the affair rests with his own conscience, as the government very properly declines to interfere.

The 6th, the Epiphany, was a feast at the Propaganda. I went, in the morning, to the chapel of the College. On entering, I was at first astonished at seeing mass performed by a black priest—an Ethiopian; but I soon perceived an Assyrian priest, an Armenian bishop, and an Arabian archbishop, each celebrating the sacrifice in the dress, language, and according to the rites used in his country. For "the Church, to "prevent the frequent changes to which the "modern languages are subject, allows in her "office only the Chaldaic or modern Hebrew,

"which is the ancient sacred language; the "Greek, the language of the philosophers and all "the Oriental schools; Latin, the language of "the learned in the West; and the Sclavonian." This measure you Protestants find great fault with; and would wish rather that the office had been translated into the dialect of every barbarous horde that successively made its appearance, and was converted to the Catholic faith; and that a committee of "*maestri di lingua*,'—teachers of languages,—had been appointed to vary and correct the newly translated prayers, in proportion to the changes and ameliorations made in the primitive language during its progress and gradual refinement into polished Bohemian, Moravian, Polish, Muscovian, and half a dozen others, all different dialects of the Sclavonian tongue. But, at the same time that you blame this restriction of the Catholic church, you yourselves *preach* to the Irish in a foreign, an unknown, and unintelligible dialect, against the intolerance of the Papists, who refuse to *pray* in the language of the people.

The different rites and ceremonies performed in the chapel of the Propaganda were, however, more impressive than any thing of the sort I

ever witnessed; and strikingly displayed the triumph of the christian religion; justifying its appellation of Catholic, by recalling one of the proofs of its truth—a proof, or at least a strong ground of probability, which SECONDARY CAUSES cannot destroy.

In the afternoon, all the College was assembled together; and one student of each country pronounced his translation, into his own language, of an ode suited to the occasion; the which ode was thus repeated in twenty-six different dialects. Of all these reciters, a fine Irish youth—for there are in the College schools of Irish and Scotch, whom the party-spirited policy of England banishes from their country, to which they are afterwards to return in the character of missionaries—an Irish youth seemed the most patriotic; for, after ending his declamation, he sent forth a shout of "*Erin go brah!*" which drew down the applause—but it was an applause mingled with pity—of the assembly.

It is curious that no Protestant English were present at the Propaganda, either in the chapel, or at the recital of the ode: this feast is not yet known amongst them as a *sight*. Adieu.

LETTER VIII.

18th January, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I yesterday visited many curious—but which are at Rome second-rate—antiquities. My tour commenced with the church of S. Anthony: it was the *fête* of that saint. As I drove up to the door of the church, a priest appeared, dressed in a gown and stole, and accompanied by a clerk holding a vase of holy water; he pronounced a few prayers, and then besprinkled my horses with the water: he performed the whole ceremony with the greatest discretion and devotion. "But," said an old Scotch General to me, "what a "d—d mummery it is! Why they drive their "asses and pigs to be blessed." 'Well, and

'why not? You yourself think it very right 'and proper to say grace over a good ham, when 'you sit down to dinner; here they bless the 'ham when alive. What is the difference?' *Au reste*, this same custom exists in some parts of Auvergne in France.

From the church of S. Anthony, I drove to the temple of Minerva Medica, a picturesque brick ruin, in which several statues have been found; but which, like the Amphitheatre Castrense, the Sette Sale, and many others in the neighbourhood, chiefly owes its fame to its title of a Roman antiquity, for out of Rome these remains would be observed by antiquarians only. And this is the case with regard to most of these minor ruins, which are indebted for their preservation to the cement that unites the bricks; and for want of the which cement the more massy marble edifices lie crumbled around them. Beyond the Forum, all ancient remains are, however, of brick; and from the portico of S. John Lateran there is seen a most picturesque assemblage of walls, pyramids, and aqueducts, surmounted by the beautiful hills of Tivoli.

Near the fine ivy-grown tower of Cecilia Metella—the "lady of the dead"—workmen were

carrying on excavations, and had uncovered a part of the scarcely buried Via Appia. On each side of this road are masses of brick, the remains of ancient tombs; the number of these increases after the tower of Cecilia Metella, and the Via Appia at length loses itself in a farm of Torlonia, called "Roma Vecchia," from the great number of ruined heaps with which it is covered. The view from hence is most remarkable. The eye broods on the dreary expanse of Campania, on which neither man nor beast is seen to move; on which not even the smallest bush rises to break the long stretch of aqueducts, which might be fancied to be the bridges across which the inhabitants of Rome and its environs had passed from their pestilential country to the inviting and fertile hills of Tivoli. The contrast between these hills and the wide and dismal extent of comparative plain is, in fact, most striking.

I wished to return by a different road, but none presented itself: I therefore turned off from the Appian, and drove at random over the country on my right, until I fell in with a wheel-track which brought me back to Rome!

The Campania around Rome was formerly infested by foxes; whose merit the Romans were,

however, unacquainted with. Not so Lord B—. I am told that his Lordship brought hither a pack of fox-hounds, but that he was deprived of his sport by the imbecility of the Campanian foxes; who, surprised and astonished at the unusual hue and cry, came out of their holes to gaze, in the character of uninterested spectators, on the horses, hounds, and English hunters. Their inexperience and curiosity were the causes of their premature destruction, and of the total extinction of their race.

I next went to the ruined Baths of Titus, and descried, by the help of smoking torches, the well-preserved and bright colours of the paintings on the ceilings; but which are very little superior to those of the same sort on the *plafonds* of modern rooms.

The marble pillars of these baths are well employed in the neat church of S. Peter *in vincula*. In this church is the tomb of Giulio II. ornamented by the famous statue of Moses, commonly considered as the *chef d'œuvre* of Michael Angelo and of modern sculpture. In my opinion, however, the stunted young bullock's horns, which grow out of its forehead, are very unlike rays of light: the countenance is cer-

tainly very fierce, but the why or the wherefore is not so plainly expressed. The left arm is too long, the right leg too big, and the drapery heavy: the rest of the composition is fine, except the prebendary-seat in which it is cramped up, and the long flowing, rolling beard, which Fea allows to be out of proportion, and to give "*alla statua l'aria di un fiume*—the appearance "of a river god." The sculpture is best characterized by the following anecdote. An English amateur told me that he had taken his newly-arrived friend to see this renowned statue; that his companion had looked at it very attentively for a long time, after which he had turned round to his conductor, exclaiming, "How horrible!" 'Why?' says the other, 'what do you suppose 'it to represent?' "*What?* why the *Devil*, to "be sure," replied the uninitiated stranger. Such is the sensation produced by the first sight of this statue; and I might put it to the candour of any admirer of M. Angelo, well acquainted with this composition, if it is not an *exact* imitation, in marble, of the description given by Tasso of the "emperor of the kingdom of "darkness;" whom, though a christian devil,—one at least created in the time of christianity,

by a christian poet,—he ennobles with the pagan name of Pluto. After alluding to the various forms of the different gods of hell, and to the "*immense tail which, from behind, winds round "each, and like a whip curls itself up, and again "unknots itself,*" the Italian *poet* proceeds to detail, more minutely, the principal personage:

"Siede Pluton nel mezzo, e con la destra
"Sostien lo scettro ruvido, e pesante.
"Nè tanto scoglio in mar, nè rupe alpestra,
"Nè pur Calpe s'innalza e'l mégno Atlante,
"Ch'anzi lui non paresse un picciol colle;
"Sì la gran fronte, e le gran corna estolle.

"Orrida maestà nel fero aspetto
"Terrore accresce, e più superbo il rende;
"Rosseggian gli occhi, e di veneno infetto,
"Come infausta cometa il guardo splende:
"Gl' involve il mento e sull' irsuto petto
"Ispida e folta la gran barba scende."*

* Gerusalemme Liberata, cant. iv. 6. "Pluto sits in the "midst; and with his right hand sustains his rough and "weighty sceptre. Nor is there any rock in the sea, nor "Alpine mountain, nor towering Calpe, not great Atlas, that "before him would not appear as a little hill; so high does he "raise his great forehead, and his great horns. The horrid "majesty of his fierce aspect increases terror, and renders his "appearance more proud; his eyes redden, and his look, in-"fected with poison, shines like an inauspicious comet. A "rough and thick beard surrounds his chin, and descends on

I was so struck with the exactness of the likeness, that I am unable to restrain myself from transcribing the lines to you.

But as I am now speaking on sculpture, how can I sufficiently praise some specimens preserved in one room of the Capitol?

"I see before me the Gladiator lie:
"He leans upon his hand his manly brow,
"Consents to death, but conquers agony,
"And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
"And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
"From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
"Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
"The arena swims around him. He is gone,
Ere the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
"who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded not. His eyes
"Were with his heart, and that was far away.
"He reck'd not of the life he lost, nor prize;
"But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
"*There* were his young barbarians all at play;
"*There* was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
"Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
"All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
"And unaveng'd? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire."

These are long extracts; but having brought

"his rugged breast." How few of the *paintings* even of Michael Angelo but are in the same outrageous, unnatural style!

verses to bear against one sculpture, I bring a *poet* to enhance the beauty of another, and to put into it sentiments which every beholder who is acquainted with Byron's description must discover it to express, and express so clearly, that —even on the very site of the destroyed and crumbled Capitol—he cannot do otherwise than invoke, with the poet, the just anger of the Goths; and, joining his soul to that of the expiring barbarian before him, pray for revenge on a people who could thus reject and sport with the rights and sentiments of human nature. After such strains as those I have quoted have consecrated this statue as that of a barbarian gladiator, who would wish to believe—on the strongest assertions of antiquarians—that it represents a dying soldier, even were that soldier a citizen of Sparta?*

In this room of the Capitol are, amongst others of great merit, the Faun—called of Praxiteles—the Juno, the Antinous, and the Venus—which last is, however, too near the Venus of Medicis. The limits of Italy cannot contain two Venuses, when that of Florence is one of them.

* See Fea's Guide.

No man endowed with the least degree of enthusiasm can see with indifference the injuries inflicted, by modern Rome, on the remains of the "venerable city:" but the new building of the Campidoglio gives a deeper wound, and causes a more complicated regret. It might have been supposed that the sight only of the ground that had been once covered with the ancient Capitol, could not fail to inspire some grand idea, some conception worthy of the spot, to the architect, charged to cover it with a stately edifice: or that the man whose soul was incapable of being roused to the creation of a second Capitol, would have retreated from the undertaking, nor have braved the reproaches of posterity, or the more impressive silence of antiquity, which, from the neighbouring columns of the Roman Forum, seems to arraign his stupid presumption. But such motives did not influence the conduct of Michael Angelo; and who, on beholding the gingerbread building he has reared on *this* spot, does not regret that it is not rather covered by the scattered stones of the fallen Capitol, or—as the neighbouring Tarpeian rock—by the humble dwellings that had arisen from amongst its ruins, and which insulted

it less than this Campidoglio? The exact site of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus is, however, occupied by the church of Ara Cœli, and by the convent of Capucius—the most humble of religious orders; what a coincidence! Yet this church is generally shut, and its Franciscan occupiers have not the charity to open it to strangers: I once knocked at the door, and requested a Capucin monk to let me in. "The "church is shut," was the reply. 'It is precisely 'for that reason that I request you to open it.' "*Non si puo*—it can't be," was again answered.

The collection of paintings at the Campidoglio is not extensive; and of these, few are of the *first* merit; for, after seeing all the pictures in Italy, one cannot fail to grow rather sparing—perhaps too much so—of admiration. The statues are numerous, and the proportion of good sculpture is greater here than in the collection of the Vatican. As to those of this latter museum, they occupy a great number of rooms, and are stretched through galleries three or four hundred feet long: all cannot therefore be supposed to be of the first merit: the mutilated state and barbarous sculpture of many of them might be fancied to constitute their *droit d'entrée*

into this collection. In the centre of this museum of the Vatican, is an open square court surrounded by a portico; the four corners of this portico are partitioned off, and form four very small triangular cabinets. And these cabinets have been chosen and set apart for the few most celebrated statues, which have survived the ruin of the art that created them, and of the world that admired them, to be placed *here*, on pedestals too close to the wall for their backs to be visible; to be supported, most unnecessarily, by bars of iron fixed in their spines; to be broken—after making, without detriment, the journey to Paris and back again—to be broken and mutilated by the stupidity or jealousy of those appointed to fix them in these awkward, dark cabinets! And *this* is the lot of the Laocoon, the Apollo, and the Antinous—or rather Mercury! And it is for *this* that these lawful conquests have been torn from a people capable of appreciating them, and are restored to the walls of an indolent, careless race, to be visited only by a few artists, and by the crowds of rambling English, who wander to the end of Italy to find what they might otherwise have enjoyed at a few stages from their own country.

In this museum are a few famous paintings, in which heaven and earth are brought together according to the custom of Italian artists: I am now so used to this custom, that all pictures, which represent human scenes and human actions solely, appear to me as unnatural as would servants waiting at dinner without any company at the table. But in all these paintings the earthly part is the finest; for painters can best render that with which they are best acquainted. In the Transfiguration this rule is however reversed, and the heavenly part is far superior to the earthly portion.

It is to be lamented, that many of the frescos in the chambers of Raphael should be painted in situations so inconvenient as sometimes to rende them scarcely visible. Thus, in the Delivery of S. Peter, the four different sorts of light are entirely overcome by the light from the window around which they are painted. "None but "*children*," said Michael Angelo, "should paint "on canvass; *men* should paint *a fresco* only." This rule might be adapted to M. Angelo; whose figures, distorted by their swollen muscles, appear, no doubt, to more advantage, when seen at the distance to which they are thrown by

being represented on walls. But this notion would ill suit an artist like Raphael; whose greatest charm consists in the softness of his expressions, and the fine contours of his figures. Raphael was apparently convinced of this, when, intending to paint the famous Battle of Constantine, he had, by a previous preparation, rendered the wall fit to receive oil colours. The completion of this project was prevented by his death; and Guilio Romano, who was appointed to succeed him, destroyed his preparation, and finished the battle *a fresco*. This painting is now one of the finest in the collection; what, then, would it have been, if terminated in oils by Raphael?

The inconvenient height of the ceiling—or, perhaps, my want of taste—disgusted me with the much-admired "*Loggie di Raffaele*;"* I did not make the entire tour of them.

It is difficult to obtain admission into the Library of the Vatican: it is, I believe, open on all days, not festivals, on which the Museum is closed. It is to be *presumed*, that there are books in the wooden wardrobes by which the

* The paintings in these "*Loggie*" represent different passages of the Old and New Testament.

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sides of the rooms are lined; but these wardrobes are not opened without a special order; and as there is no door-keeper, none can enter the library, when the librarian happens to be making the tour, and out of hearing of the knocker.

It is currently reported, that all the curiosities of Rome are to be shut up, and opened to those only who will pay for seeing them. It is almost to be hoped that such will be the case; for some attention will then be shewn to those who visit them, and those visits may be made more at the convenience of the *payers*. At present the Museums of the Vatican and the Capitol, though three miles distant from each other, are both open to the public, for the same four hours, on the same two days of the week. It is certain, that, with good horses to take him from one to the other, a good walker—for he must also walk fast round the Museums—*may* get over them both in the time allowed; but, as it is also certain that a person—a lady for example—may be fatigued by the race, chairs or benches, on which the wearied visiter might repose, ought to be found in the galleries. In neither of the Museums is this convenience to be met with.

It would be tedious, as well as useless, to describe the collections of paintings assembled in many of the private Roman palaces. I shall only mention to you the pavilion of the Palazzo Rospigliosi, on the Quirinal; in which are a few as fine or finer paintings than are to be found in any other public or private gallery in Italy. First, is the famous Aurora of Guido, painted *a fresco* on the ceiling of one of the rooms: it is unfortunate that it should be *a fresco*. In another room is a large and surprising picture of Ludovico Caracci, representing Samson's destruction of the Temple of Dagon; and in a third apartment is a beautiful Andromache of Guido, who has treated the subject with the delicacy and expression so peculiar to himself. It is this expression, this sensibility, this soul that he throws upon his canvass, that make the captivating spell of Guido Reni; and it is this simplicity of colouring, that points out his first manner* for particular admiration. All painters load their figures with deeper masses of shade and stronger colouring than are to be found

* Guido, Raphael, and many other artists, have had three different manners of painting: Guido changed, in my judgment, for the worse.

in nature. Guido alone has taken nature for his model, and, in his first manner, has succeeded in imitating it; and if nature has ever been surpassed, it is by Guido. Such, at least, is my opinion; and I do not doubt but that the galleries I shall hereafter visit will confirm me in it.

In the mean time I must profess my admiration of the works of Thorwaldsen, the prince of modern sculpture, now that Rome and the world has lost his rival, Canova. What can be more beautiful and more poetical than Thorwaldsen's bas-reliefs of *Day* and *Night*? His other pieces seem executed with more ease than those of Canova; whose *attelier* is still carried on by his brother, who works after his plaster forms. In the *studio* of Thorwaldsen I asked a workman if his master had ever touched the statue to which he was giving the last stroke: "he thought he "had not even seen it." And, in fact, any one with a compass can take an exact copy of a plaster model prepared by the artist.

There are besides at Rome several English sculptors, who support the rising honour of their country.

LETTER IX.

Rome, January 20, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am just returned from visiting other antiquities, and other galleries of paintings. All were worth seeing; but, to say the truth, I am tired of this sort of occupation. Excepting a few of the principal monuments, the other remains of ancient Rome present little interest. Let antiquaries admire, study, and explain each remnant: I am unable to confine myself in this manner; to embarrass my mind with details, the which always lessen whatever is, in itself, really grand. I can look only at the whole, at the *ensemble;* and what an ensemble! Here, then, stood Rome; here, on this ground! This

then is the spot on which my thoughts had been so long riveted, that had so long attracted my desires! And now that they are accomplished, what do I find? a wilderness? No: that were preferable to the crowds and cares that have again risen from this consecrated soil. A desert were more congenial to my imagination, than the life that covers this grand wreck. Set aside the modern town, and suppose, only for an instant, the Pantheon, the Forum, and the Coliseum, to be standing alone; to be towering in solitary grandeur, like the temples of Pæstum. Suppose them surrounded with the minor, but, nevertheless, giant limbs that still remain of the capital of the world; suppose these diminishing, as they depart from the center, and finally losing themselves in a sublime and uninterrupted desolation. Suppose yourself going over this scene, examining—no, not examining its details—but wrapt in the undivided contemplation of the grand total, of the grand ruin before you. And then conceive this landscape again peopled with a new succession of beings; with a new succession of passions and miseries; with a new succession of vanities and deaths. Conceive a new race, unheedful of the lesson

before them, suffering and rejoicing among the ruins that surround them; ignorant or careless of the ages that have illustrated the land they dwell upon; and given up to petty cares, jealousies, and egotism, unchecked by the eighteen centuries of the still surviving Pantheon! Well, and what then? Such is the lot of human nature. Such passions governed the masters of the world, and such will govern future generations. The present is not different from the past, and the future will not be different from the present.

Such are the reflections that must press upon the mind of the stranger, who, visiting in succession, every fragment of antiquity, turns away, discontented with every object that successively strikes him, as inferior to the pictures of his imagination, as unworthy of the city of which it is a relic. He takes refuge in the modern museums: he admires the *chefs d'œuvre* of an art that more modern taste had perfected. But where are those who inhabit these long dreary galleries? where are those who appreciate the wonders they contain? Why does solitude prevail here, where every thing speaks of life and animation; and when, at the same time, noise

and bustle surround the monuments whose every stone invites to reflection and meditation?— Disturbed and distressed, he gradually surveys all as a matter of course; sees all in its true light; admires what is worthy of admiration; throws far from him all enthusiasm, all former exalted expectations; beholds an uninterested roman wall with nearly the same eyes as those with which he would look on it if raised by modern hands, and even so far forgets himself— as to write Roman with a little *r!*

To this state I am, as you perceive, already arrived.

LETTER X.

Rome, February 5, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVE late tourists given descriptions of the Carnival at Rome? I am, from the reasons I have already mentioned, unable to answer to myself this question; and shall, therefore, send you a short account of this *gay* season. It was not, however, the first of the sort I had witnessed: walking, two years before, on the terrace of Nice, to view the ugly, ill-sustained masks below, I heard an Irish lady ask the person she was walking with, "Don't you think "they are the greatest fools on earth?" "Why, "Madam," replied the gentleman she addressed, "I was going to make a very unpolite speech,

"but what do you think of *us* who are looking "at them?" Though perfectly agreeing with the opinion of this cavalier, I have again been a spectator of some of these rejoicings, and wish to make you participate in the *ennui* they cause; though it is not necessary to descend to the festivities of masquerading to be convinced that man is more to be pitied in his pleasures than in his misfortunes, according to the sentiment of Pascal.

The space of time known by the appellation of Carnival is included between the 6th of January—the feast of the Epiphany, or Twelfth Night—and Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent. But the masquerading, and other public amusements of the people, do not commence till a few days before Shrove Tuesday. At Rome the scene of these follies is the Corso,—the *rendezvous* of all the world, masked or unmasked, in carriages or on foot. On one of the days of last week I proceeded to the Piazza del Popolo, and took my place in the file of carriages. *Two hours after* I had *nearly* reached the Piazza di Venezia at the other end of the ugly, ill-built street of the Corso, a distance of three quarters of a mile. The pleasures of this

drive were derived from the crowds of people who, disguised in various manners, paraded up and down the street; for the most part in perfect silence, and none of them in the least endeavouring to support the character proper to their garb. Boys ran through the crowd and offered for sale large papers of *bonbons*—sugar-plums—made of sweetened lime: all actors in the scene bought of these *bonbons*, and threw them, with greater or less force, at their passing friends and acquaintance. As these sugar-plums are not small, and as furious battles—in which they replace other shot—are often carried on, particularly by the English, eyes are sometimes knocked out, and less material damage is often given and received. In the mean time children run between the wheels of the carriages, and the feet of the horses, and collect into other papers the *bonbons* that whiten and conceal the pavement. But it is a positive fact, that, without the English—who are, by most foreigners, thought to be so grave, so serious, and so thoughtful—this *bonbon* pelting would, long since, have been discontinued: the Romans patronize it but little, while the English carry it on, with all the fury and boisterousness of

school-boys, to the very great annoyance of most of the Italians.

Meanwhile I had, as I have said, almost attained the Piazza di Venezia: the cannon of S. Angelo resounded; all understood the signal; and when, a few moments afterwards, a second gun was fired, the crowds settled themselves on chairs or benches raised along the sides of the Corso; and the carriages turned down the nearest by-lanes, and reached, by different paths, the houses, from the windows of which they—that is, those they contained—intended to view the remaining sport. Amongst the carriages I had observed the state coach of the senator, Principe A., and that of Cardinal V., the only Cardinal present, one of the two Cardinal-deacons who, despised and laughed at by the Romans, are seen in every society by the English, and are, by them, readily but unjustly received as samples of all the sacred college.

After a large body of troops, preceded by a good band, had past down the Corso, had cleared away the remaining masks, and had placed sentinels on each side of it, twelve or fourteen small, ugly horses gallopped past the window at which I was placed: as they proceeded along,

the crowd shouted, and, together with the spurs, *petards,* and other ingenious and barbarous contrivances,—described, I believe, by Brydone, in his relation of the Sicilian horse-race—urged them on to the goal, and deterred them from attempting to bolt down the side streets. Immediately after they had passed, the ranks of people closed over the paved race-ground; but a few seconds after, they again opened, on perceiving the gradual approach of another *race-horse,* which was proceeding more leisurely and quietly down the Corso.

Amongst all these details I have forgotten to mention that none of the horses carried riders; a particular which, from custom, and from having never witnessed any races *à l'Anglaise,* I beheld as a matter of course.

A few days after, having previously taken my share of the amusements of the Corso, I hired a seat in the Piazza del Popolo, from which I might see the horses start. Board partitions were placed to keep apart the more furious; and a cord, behind which they were to stand, was drawn, at breast height, across the street. Thirteen were brought forth ready *garnished*—with spurs, &c.—and an indescribable scene of con-

fusion ensued. The plunging and kicking of the horses, and the shouts of the grooms who swung at their necks, continued till, at the sound of trumpet, the cord fell, and they all set off more regularly than could have been anticipated. Some minutes after, a rocket arose from the Piazza di Venezia, and a cannon from S. Angelo answered it; thus proclaiming when, and by which of the animals, the race had been won.

Before the races, but after the clearing away of the crowd, the French Ambassador paraded the Corso in his state carriages; a privilege, the exercise of which he ought to have *enjoyed* on *Jeudi Gras*, but which, on account of the rain, had been deferred till the *Saturday* following, for on Friday no masquerading was allowed; as, at Rome, that day of the week is kept in the same manner as Sundays are said to be observed in England. No masks are seen, no theatres or balls are held on Fridays.

On every other day the sort of amusement I have described was regularly repeated; but all was finished and quiet at six o'clock. On *Mardi Gras*, however,—the last day of the Carnival,—the sport was protracted until eight in the evening. In then consisted in the illumination of

the windows on the Corso, and in the assembling of the people in that street: each person bore in his hand a lighted taper, and each endeavoured to extinguish those of his play-fellows. This fun occasioned, however, one or two very ridiculous and *innocent*, at least in their consequences, duels between foreigners, who did not understand the joke.

Such are the *popular* amusements of Carnival; for the *gens comme il faut*—an epithet now re-established in French phraseology, and which, taken in its literal meaning as the commencement of a designation, the remainder of which is suppressed as unnecessary, might be heard with indifference by the most democratic ears,—for the *gens comme il faut pour cès choses là* there were given a few masked balls, in which scarcely any characters were supported; most of the ladies going in fancy dresses, and men in dominos, which they immediately laid aside. Other evening parties were numerous and well attended. But all such *fêtes* are now at an end; the "magician has put on our foreheads the mar-"vellous dust, and has pronounced over us the "magical words," which have put to flight the illusions of Carnival, and made us consent-

" To live for forty days on ill-drest fishes,
" Because we have no sauces to our stews."

The last line does not, however, apply; as English fish-sauces are now to be found in every Italian capital. And as meat is allowed by all *Curés*, to whom a certificate of ill health, signed by a physician, is presented, the facility of obtaining such permissions may be imagined; as, also, the facility with which they are abused.

All the English travellers are now preparing to depart for Naples, to pass there the time of Lent: and the Romans are unable to conceal the joy they feel at their departure. This sentiment is curious; but I have perceived the same to be prevalent in every part of Italy. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

20th March, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As I was returning on the 16th from the walk on Monte Pincio, I perceived several persons running towards the Porta del Popolo; those I interrogated only knew that *something* had happened in that direction—*what* they were unable to say. An hour afterwards, as we were sitting down to dinner, a woman servant entered, apparently horror struck, saying that an English young lady had been drowned in the Tiber; that it was not yet certain *who*, but that she feared it was "*la Rosina*, quella "bella, bella," whom she had seen, a few hours before, mounting her horse in the Piazza di

Spagna. Conceive our anxious uncertainty! Though not personally acquainted with Miss Rose B——, I had, in every assembly, admired, in common with all Rome, the beauty and amiability of this *bouton de rose*—rose-bud—as she was universally called; and had witnessed proofs of the kindness and goodness of her disposition. *Her* misfortune could no longer be doubted: within one hour after it had taken place, all my quarter of the town knew of it, and was in confusion; so general was the sympathy her fate excited.

Of the many different versions in which her catastrophe has been related, the following appears the most exact, and the most probable. Miss B——, with the relations with whom she lived, and a party of ladies, after crossing on horseback the Ponte Molle, turned down on the right, and followed the bank of the Tiber. The road was sufficiently safe, until, arriving at an inclosure, that reaches nearly to the edge of the stream, they found the gate through which they had intended to pass shut. One of the party proposed passing between the hedge of the field and the river; and accordingly led the way. The horse of Miss B——, whether startled at an

attempt made to lead it over the narrow pass, or slipping in the mud that covered the broken path, stumbled, and rolled down the slimy, steep bank into the deep water below. The horse regained the path, but—without its rider. No sign appeared on the surface to point out whether she was carried down by the stream, or remained on the spot where the horse fell. None of the party could swim: the thoughtless despair of the relation urged him into the river, from which he himself was with difficulty saved.

On the next morning bills were posted up, offering *five louis* to those who should discover the body. The indignation of natives and strangers was justly excited by this offer, so unsuited to the occasion. It was, however, attributed to an Englishman, who imagined that he should bring himself into notice, and render himself useful by proposing, to the unthinking grief of Miss B——'s relation, a sum which was, two days afterwards, disavowed by the proclamation of a reward of fifty louis. Before this last offer had been published, a friend of mine asked a boatman on the Tiber, why *he* did not seek for the body? "Let the water carry it to

England; they will then have it for nothing," was the reply.*

Small casts† of the poor girl were immediately made, and eagerly bought up by foreigners and Romans.‡

I went this morning to visit the spot where the misfortune happened: it was with difficulty that I *on foot* was able to pass along the broken, shelving path—or rather bank of the river—till I reached the place, where, six feet below me, two sticks were placed in the form of a small cross, which, fixed in the mud, indicated the place where the *horse* had rolled down. Litho-

* In the month of September following the body was seen floating directly over the spot where she first fell into the Tiber. On being brought to shore, it was found to be little altered: the dress was in the same state as at the time of the catastrophe; the features were also unchanged, except by some bruises on the face. It was presumed that the weight of the horse had, in falling on it, pressed it deep into the mud, where it had remained buried, until the rains and current washing away the slime that covered it, it again rose to the surface.

† These are, however, but very imperfect likenesses of her whom they are intended to represent.

‡ These latter thought the subject well suited for poetic embellishments; and the *first* canto of a long *tirade* was given to me by a poet; who had, however, the judgment not to publish his inspirations.

graphic prints are making of the spot. From this account it appears that no blame can be attached to any person in particular, but that the whole party suffered themselves to be led into a dangerous path, with which they all seem to have been equally unacquainted. But never was regret more general than that shewn by all classes of persons for this

—— "lovely being, scarcely formed or moulded,
"A ROSE with all its sweetest leaves yet folded."

LETTER XII.

13*th April*, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

DRIVING, a few days since, through the Piazza di Spagna, I saw a crowd collected before the door of an armourer: I was unable to approach, and passed on. These people were not, however, assembled without cause. A young Englishman had objected to a charge made by the armourer; and throwing down what *he* considered as the fair price, was carrying off the object of the dispute. A scuffle ensued: the son of the shopman hastened to the aid of his father, but was arrested by another Englishman, the companion of the first. Irritated at this interruption, the younger tradesman

struck, with a knife he held in his hand, at the person who had hold of him. Having repeated the blow three or four times, and seeing his victim fall, he fled from the shop. The wounds were dangerous; much blood had flowed before help could be brought, and Mr. ——'s life was for a long time doubted of. I have never heard that the assassin was taken: he was long reported to be concealed in a number of intricate passages pierced *under* the Villa de Medici* and the garden attached to it.

This scuffle was, it would appear, one of those disputes brought on by the haughty manner in which the English generally treat foreign shopkeepers. A few days after, a Scotchman, lately arrived at Rome, being offended with his tailor, caught the man by the collar, exclaiming, "The "d——d impartinent scoundrel! I'll"—'Hold,' said a friend who accompanied him, 'hold, they 'have got knives you know.'—"Ah! have they?"

* This villa, belonging to the Crown of France, is a royal academy of painting and sculpture, to which a few students, particularly distinguished at Paris, are sent by the French government, which maintains them at Rome for a fixed time. I visited an exposition of the works of these young artists; which were not, however, calculated to give a high opinion of their talents.

replied the other, taking the hint, and quietly quitting his grasp.

The use of the knife is not however so general in Italy as is supposed: the French, in a great measure, destroyed the custom. The Transteverians—those on the west side of the Tiber—who consider themselves as the lineal descendants of the ancient Romans, were then, as now, more particularly addicted to the knife and stiletto. They have lately given some proofs of this attachment, and of the independence of their dispositions.

Leo XII. is supposed to be a great admirer and advocate of the *ancien régime*—of ancient manners and customs—and of wishing to bring his subjects to a great severity of morals and appearance. Thus, according to the plan of reform, he has published adicts by which he forbids drinking in wine-houses: those who *are dry* are obliged to buy, through a grate, the measure of wine; and either to drink it standing in the street, or to carry it home. You may conceive the discontent this *ordonnance* could not fail to cause amongst the lower classes: one or two *Sbirri* have been stabbed in a late contest in a Transteverian wine shop.

A woman announced to me the other day, in

great agitation, that an order was about to be published, commanding the different classes of subjects, to wear particular dresses, by which they might be distinguished: my informer lamented, therefore, at the prospect of being obliged to cast aside all her present wardrobe, and considered how she should look when dressed in yellow stockings and a blue cap; for it had been settled what was to be the dress of each order. The whole, however, turned out to be a fudge; a Roman laugh against themselves and their condition.

The promoter and encourager of these dispositions that are lent to the Pope, is said to be the Cardinal della Somaglia, the Secretary of State. He is reported to have had the intention—but to have been deterred from it by embassies from the different towns—of diminishing the public expenditure by abolishing the charge of lamp-lighting: "because," he is related to have said, "in *his* youth no streets were ever lighted at "night, and that, nevertheless, all went on just "as well."

I now hear that the committee for vaccination has thus been lately suppressed as an *innovation*.

Talking lately with some Romans, the conversation turned on Cardinal della Somaglia.

Somebody, affecting to mistake the name, called him *Somarella*—a little ass—indeed I myself had had with him a recent interview, from which I had retired penetrated with due respect for —his age and station :—but the person to whom the other was speaking, immediately caught up the pun, repeating "*il Cardinale della Somarella!* "*Oh, questo mi piace!*—Oh, I like that!" I mention this as a proof of the light in which this minister is seen.

When the French were in possession of Rome, they cleared away the shabby buildings that encumbered the ground around the beautiful column of Trajan: and the earth being dug away as low as the base of that column, twenty or thirty pillars, broken off at a greater or less distance from their pedestals, were exposed to view: they are all, however, without *capitals*. These mutilated pillars, the remains of the Forum of Trajan, are known to modern Roman wits by the appellation of *The Consistory*.

The column of Trajan, which rises in the midst above the others, is, howeever, whole and unbroken.

I was this morning stopped in the street by a procession of children, two of whom carried a

Cross, which the others followed singing—a very common amusement at Rome. Approaching the wall, to make room for them, I saw an edict permitting the exportation of gunpowder, as the manufacture of that article exceeded—"*i bisogni dello stato*—the wants of the state;" how good! Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

Rome, April 20.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HOLY week, which you call Passion week,* is now ended, the English had arrived in crowds to witness the ceremonies, which they ran after with the greatest eagerness, and which any one of them could probably describe to you much more minutely than I am able to do: for, knowing beforehand what I was to expect, and having seen the same offices performed in nearly the same manner in every church on the continent, I was less anxious to witness those of Rome than were most of my indefatigable countrymen, who flocked wherever they were told a *sight* was to be seen, and, assembling in the evening, en-

* Passion week is that preceding Holy week.

quired of one another. "were *you* present to-day at the afternoon Mass at three o'clock?" And I have often heard them thus denominate Vespers.

Great alarm had been excited by the Pope's known hostility to ladies,—whom he had refused to admit into his private chapel, or to receive at all except in his garden,—and by his presumed intention of not reserving places for foreigners, to the exclusion of his own subjects. Under the administration of Cardinal Gonsalvi* seats were in every church set apart for the English; while the Romans were unable to witness the offices of their religion.† I have

* Cardinal Gonsalvi died during my stay at Rome. On the day after his death I passed, with a great crowd, through many rooms of his palace where Masses were celebrating, to one in which the body was raised on a state bed. The features of the face still indicated a strong mind. The body was clothed in the dress of a Cardinal. I observed, stamped on the soles of the shoes, which were evidently new, the shop-price 5: *sic transit, &c.* The administration of Cardinal Gonsalvi is, however, much regretted at Rome.

† At that time *Pasquino* alluded to this preference in the following manner, "Where are you going?" he demanded of a Roman friend. 'To the Sistine chapel, to hear the *miserere*,' was the reply. "Why," said Pasquino, "you know that you

therefore scarcely ever met with a native who had *seen* the ceremonies of Holy week; while I am assured that the English then took the liberty of carrying into the places partitioned off for them, cold meat, fowls, and bread, which they eat during the time the offices were performing; throwing the bones and waste pieces on the floors of the churches.

These matters were, this year, arranged more justly; and tickets of admission were indiscriminately given to Romans and foreigners: the latter of whom behaved more decently than their reported wont. I shall now transcribe to you, day by day, the account given in the "Diario "Romano"—or religious almanack—of the ceremonies to be performed in Holy week: and, after each day, affix my remarks on so much of them as I have seen.

"April 11th, Palm Sunday. Station at S. "Gio. in Laterano. Papal chapel in the Apost. "Pal., a Card. Priest sings Mass, the High "Pontiff gives bened., and distribut. of Palms "with procession through the Sala Regia—royal "hall.—After Vespers, the Cardinal Chief Peni-

"will not be admitted." 'Oh! but I have made myself a "heretic.'

" tentiary awaits in S. Gio. in Laterano to hear " confessions."

" S. Leone I. Pope, his body is in S. Pietro " in Vat."

In all the ceremonies the place of the Pope is, this year, supplied by a Cardinal; his Holiness being too ill to officiate in any of the functions. He has indeed scarcely ever been able to quit his apartment since my arrival at Rome: he once, it is true, gave his benediction from the window of his palace, but, from some misunderstanding, few assembled to receive it.

" 14th, Holy Wednesday. Stat. at S. Maria " Maggiore, where the Card. Chief Peniten- " tiary awaits after dinner"—that is in the afternoon—" to hear confessions. At 22 o'clock"—about four—" the office of Tenebræ is sung in " the Chap. of the Apost. Pal. and in the other " churches. At S. Pietro in Vat. after the office " of Tenebræ, there are shewn the great relics " of the Lance, Cross, and Volto Santo, and the " same is done several times to-morrow and Good " Friday. Ss. Tiburgio, Valeriano, and Massimo " m. at S. Cecilia in Trastevere. S. Abbondio " Confessor, chaplain of the Basilica of S. Pietro."

On this day, therefore, at 22 o'clock, I heard

the famous *miserere* sung, during Tenebræ, in the Sistine Chapel of the Vatican. Tickets of admis- were given to ladies, and a part of the chapel is partitioned off for them. All men got in as far as they could, while a space was set apart for those whom their dress entitled to such distinction. Here, during the whole of the office, I waited with impatience till the *miserere mei Deus* should commence. What had I not heard of this psalm! of the gradual extincion of the tapers; of the figures of Michael Angelo's famous Last Judgment frowning from the walls, as the shades of night slowly overspread the sanctuary; of the voices of angel's suddenly bursting forth in responsive concert with those of mortals! In this manner had my expectation and imagination been excited. The candles were indeed put out as is usual at Tenebræ; so far there was nothing extraordinary. Darkness came on and, I must own it, made me rather drowsy; but I criticised the distorted figures of M. Angelo, and roused, or rather contained, my indignation at the inappreciating stupidity which has fixed, against this painting, a large silken canopy, which, rising to the height of some feet above the altar, stretches horizontally over it, and hides even that part of

the *a fresco* which is immediately above it. But the same want of taste is to be found in all countries: the Chapter of Exeter caused a fine perspective view of the church to be painted on the interior east end of their Cathedral; and then, as if wishing to destroy the possible illusion, engraved the Ten Commandments in the center of the perspective!

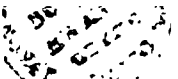
At length the *Miserere* began; the musicians were in an enclosed balcony above me: the singing at first appeared fine, but I soon found the composition monotonous: the only merit of the performance is the admirable concert in which they sing. But how can a number of voices of this sort be heard with pleasure by those endowed with any sentiments of humanity? How merited is the just reproach of Byron;—"it is curious that it should be the Pope and "the Sultan who are the chief encouragers of this "branch of trade—women being prohibited as "singers at S. Peter's, and not deemed trust-"worthy as guardians of the haram." I had before heard this sort of music: every Sunday, in one of the chapels at St. Peter's, vespers are performed—some of the "third sex" assisting: the Basilica is then the *rendezvous* of all the

English in Rome, who saunter about the church, and "peep and grin at popish practices;" and well they may, as far as this singing goes.

For Maundy Thursday the "Diario Ro-"mano" announces as follows:

"15th, Holy Thursday called *in Cœna Do-*"*mini.* Stat. at S. Gio. in Later. where there "is exposed the table on which our Lord made "the Last Supper. Pap. Chap. in the Apost. "Pal, a Card. Bishp. sings Mass, after which "the High Pontiff carries the Ven.* into the "Paolina Chap. for the Sepulchre, and from "thence he passes to the balcony to give the "Solem. Bened. to the people. Then in the "Ducal Hall he washes the feet of twelve poor "priests of different nations, and gives them to "dine, serving them with his own hands. After "Vespers, and on the following day, the Card. "Chief Penitent. awaits at S. Pietro to hear the "conf. After dinner,"—in the afternoon—"in the above-ment. Chap. there are sung Mat. "and the Secular Confrat. go proces. to S. "Pietro. The Holy Sepulchres are visited with "plenary indulgences even for the faithful

* Venerable—the blessed Sacrament.



"deceased. Ss. Basilissa, and Anastasia m. m. "the bodies rest at S. Maria della Pace."

The table here mentioned I did not see: I was told that it is of thick wood, and offers nothing extraordinary. I was present at the Mass in the Sistine Chapel, and saw the procession to the *repository* erected in the Paoline Chapel. The feet of the twelve priests were then washed by a Cardinal. During this last ceremony, in particular, I witnessed the roughness and insolence of the Swiss guards, who alone occasion those contests you have so often heard of—contests which would disgrace any place whatsoever, much more so a chapel. These functions should be attended by no person who had not previously made up his mind to be treated by the Pope's black-guards as if he were himself one to whom that epithet might be justly applied. There is even a certain degree of danger from the unsteady pikes, and the clashing tin armour, of these "soldats de papier—paper soldiers," as a French officer, who stood with me, addressed one of them. Ladies, although treated by them, not with more respect, but with less disrespect, are torn from one another and from those who accompany them,—if not to the en-

dangering of their lives, at least to that of their senses: I saw some who fainted, others lost their veils, &c. Barriers had been placed across the room in which the feet were washed; and, to pass each barrier, three or four regular assaults were given, by the crowd, to the guards, who, after repelling them for a time, gave way and permitted the impatient multitude to advance; whereas, if no opposition had been offered, the people would have rolled on quietly and without disturbance. All should be totally excluded, or as many as the rooms will contain quietly admitted; but neither of these alternatives is followed, and guards are placed as if for the sole purpose of creating tumult, and *then* giving way. Such is the sight displayed at the capital of the Christian world, at the most holy season of the year; whilst a huge building, in which all Rome might find place, stands, comparatively unoccupied, by the side of the ordinary-sized rooms, from the one to the other of which the Pope and spectators pass in a manner inconsistent with the dignity of either. Ought the Head of the Church to officiate in the private chapels of his own palace, because, forsooth, the performance of his musicians would appear

to less advantage in a larger fabric?—and this is the best reason I have yet heard given in excuse for this scandal. But even of the fact itself I am not well convinced: for I have seen a part of S. Peter's partitioned off in a manner which greatly diminished the echo complained of. Yet, in case this method should not succeed, the Philharmonic or any other Society might be charged to invite all the "nobili forestieri—"noble strangers"—to a private performance of the psalm, *Miserere:* or it would even be more decent, were this psalm—which is, by the by, of all psalms the one least suited to the theatre—repeated like the rest of the office, instead of being made a theatrical show of.

I had reached the table at which the twelve priests, served by Cardinal della Somaglia, were dining, when la Comtesse de ———, unable to support any longer the pressure of the crowd, demanded assistance to extricate herself from it: this was affected, with great difficulty, by myself and the French officer already alluded to.

The Vatican library being open to the public, I then made a tour of the rooms and galleries, lined by the numerous files of wardrobes.

In the afternoon the *Miserere* was again sung.

I also went to the Paoline Chapel, which was lighted up—not over well—and filled with people praying devoutly on their knees;—for no Swiss guards interfered.

" 16th, Good Friday, called *Parasceve.* Stat. " in S. Croce in Gerusal. where in the morning " there are shewn the SS. Relics. Pap. Chap. " in the Apost. Pal. where the Card. Chief " Penit. officiates, and a F. of the Minor Con- " ventuals preaches. At S. Anastasio, at 21 " o'clock, a service of the day is performed ac- " cording to the Greek rite. At the Church " del Gesu, at the Oratory of the General Com- " mon., at S. Maria in Trast., at S. Maria of " Suffe., at SS. Lorenzo and Dam., and in " other churches, there is performed the Devo- " tion of the three Hours of Agony of our Lord " Jesus Christ, from 18 till 21 o'clock. This " evening there is the exercise of the Via Crucis " at the Oratory of the F. Caravita, and in " other churches and oratories. At the churches " of S. Maria in Monticelli, of the Lorenensi, " and of the Carmine alle tre Canelle, there is " a devout exercise at 24 o'clock. At S. M. " over Minerva, to-day, and on all the Fridays " of the year, there is practised a div. exerc.

"before the SS. Crucifix. after Complin. Some "Confr. go processional. to S. Pietro in Vatic. "B. Gioacchino Piccolomini of the Order of the "Servi di Maria Advocate against convulsions "and falling sickness."

On all this I have only to remark, that the third and last *Miserere* was performed this day, and pleased me even less than usual, as the voices did not sing in time, which was before their only claim to admiration—the being as like an instrument as possible.

"17th, Holy Saturday. Solem. feast of Easter. "Stat. at S. Giovanni in Later. where there is "the Gen. Ordinat., and the Solem. Baptism of "Hebrews and Turks, and the SS. Heads of "the Apost. are shewn. Papal Chapel in the "Apost. Palace, a Card. Priest sings Mass, and "the Castel"—of S. Angelo—"fires at the "Gloria in excelsis Deo, and the bells of all "the churches ring rejoicingly. At 21 o'clock "the Pontifical Service is performed in the "Armenian rite. At S. Marcelle, at 22 o'clock, "there is performed a function called the "Coronat. of Maria Virg. in remembrance of "her joys for the Resur. of Jesus Christ. S. "Aniceto P. C. and M. in the noble Chapel in

" the palace of the Most Excell. Duke Altemps,
" where his body reposes."

" 18th, Sund. Pasque of the Resurrection.
" Feast instituted by the Apostles, and confirmed
" by the Council of Nice, and is the greatest
" solemnity of the year. Stat. at S. Maria
" Magg. the Castle fires at day-break, the High
" Pontiff solemnly sings Mass at S. Pietro,
" after which," &c. &c.

I go no further: this will enable you to judge of the many prayers and offices that are continually performed in the many churches of Rome. Whether these offices are well attended, I am unable to say; few of them are obligatory on laics. You also see here the use that is made of the tomb of Hadrian; guns are fired from it at the *alba* of all feasts, and, on particular days, artificial fires are thrown from its summit. Such took place on this day—Easter Sunday; but I must first speak of the famous illumination of the Dome of S. Peter's.

I have, I think, already mentioned that there is a fine view of the church and dome from the windows of our apartment. Small plates of iron jut out from the sides of the dome, and on these plates lamps are placed by men suspended by a

cord passed round their waists. The danger of this undertaking is so great, that the "San Pie-"trini"—as the men are called—always confess and prepare for death before beginning it. At sun-set the illumination commenced: this is divided into two periods. During the first, cases of paper are placed round candles. The effect of this was, at first, very charming; for the bright sun, which had just then descended below the horizon, had left the sky covered with a red and purple shade, and the faint light of the candles gave the dome the appearance of a slight transparent cloud, floating before the more purple expanse behind. As the night, which was extraordinarily dark, came on, the dome gradually detached itself from the sky; and, in proportion as the light of the one was extinguished, the other acquired more brilliancy, and lost the delicate feeble tint which had confounded it with the last rays of the setting sun. The "San "Pietrini" were then seen swinging through the air, and preparing the *lamps*. At a signal given, the whole dome was, in less than a minute, covered with these lamps of oil; the blaze of which, not being intercepted by paper, overpowered the light of the *lanternoni*, or candles. Though at

near a mile's distance from the church, I could not deceive myself as to the nature of this illumination: it was still evident that it was composed of smoking lamps, which, placed in every part of the building, hid and seemed to alter the form of it, and shewed merely a large mass, of no distinct shape, covered with red blazes, and canopied with smoke.

Soon after, the renowned *girandola*—fireworks—rose from the Fort of S. Angelo. I thought I had seen better in provincial towns in the South of France.

After the *girandola*, I walked down to the front of S. Peter's. The illumination here seemed, if possible, more ugly than from a distance. Between each lamp there was a vacant space sufficient for two others, which would have given more unity to the whole.

So much for the illumination of S. Peter's, and the ceremonies of the Holy Week! *Omne ignotum*, &c.; and to nothing can this be applied more justly than to ancient and modern Rome. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

Rome, 29th April.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FIVE days after Easter scarcely an Englishman was to be found in Rome. Their re-union for the Holy Week, and their sudden dispersion, were alike curious; and I cannot but admire the ingenuity with which they select the places of their temporary abode, allotting to each the exact time and season, which its religion or climate points out for momentary preference. Some are now gone direct to Switzerland; and some to pay a short visit to Naples, before returning Northward. Thus they have spent a winter in seeing Italy, its great towns, and the wonders it offers. The shortness of their stay in

each place has hindered them from mingling with the natives: an union which, *au reste*, they do not generally endeavour to bring about. They find that they can amuse themselves amongst themselves; and—without giving up their English habits and insular notions—they only seek to discover in what foreigners differ from themselves, for the sole purpose of being able to exclaim, "we don't do so in England;" and what *we* do in *England* must be right; while, for the same reason, all that differs from *us* and *our* customs must be wrong. It is with these ideas and dispositions that they travel through foreign countries, very often without understanding or speaking the language of the people amongst whom they reside.

I now began to be impatient to leave Rome. I had heard an Englishman, speaking of the ceremonies of Holy Week and of the *Miserere*, console himself with—"Well! to-morrow night I "shall be at S. Carlo, at Naples:" a perspective for which I was myself rather anxious. I was satiated with religious ceremonies, antiquities, and galleries of paintings; but, above all, I was tired of being enclosed in a dirty town—and I know none more filthy than Rome, in every

street of which "*immondezzaro*—dunghill" is inscribed on a wall, while on the pavement below a large reeking heap of stinking rubbish attests the attractive powers of the spot:—I was tired of a town surrounded by an abandoned desert, as uninteresting as the sands of Arabia, and more distressing from the absence of past and possible fertility. But though I had lived six months at Rome, I had not yet seen Tivoli; an excursion which could *now* be no longer delayed.

On the morning of the 27th, therefore, I began this excursion, in company with a party of English. At first the only objects capable of attracting observation were small round hovels, which, covered with thatch from the ground to the point in which they terminated, rose here and there above the surface of the earth. These I at first took for hay-stacks; but I was assured, by the coachman, that they were the habitations of herds and their keepers. After visiting the petrifying Lake de' Tartari, and passing over the "*Sævam Mephitim*," exhaled from the small canal through which the sulphurous waters of Faunus flow in a rapid stream, we crossed the Ponte Lucano; and were agreeably surprised at the more fertile appearance of the country on the

other side of this shallow river. I ascended by a broken tottering ladder to the top of the picturesque and ruined Plautian tomb, and received from its keepers some fresh water; of which we had great need, for I had never suffered more from heat, than while traversing the open plain of the Campania. These peasants told us that the *mal' aria* obliged them, during summer, to abandon their habitations in the plain, and to retire, every night, to the higher and healthy ground of Tivoli.

A few minutes brought us to the entrance of the Villa Adriana. A set of children offered us marbles of various sorts;* and the numerous

* Most English travellers have, when at Rome, the *mania* of collecting small fragments of ancient marbles; the polishing of which, and the reducing them into triangles, books, and other shapes suited to chimney-piece decorations, form a lucrative branch of commerce to the *mosaicists* and marble-cutters. The Palatine Mount is the quarry that usually supplies amateurs with *giallo antico*, porphyry, &c. While picking up, on this ground, *my* share of broken marble, I observed to the gardener, who was watering the vegetables that grow under and above the still painted halls of the Imperial palaces, that I was benefiting his ground by clearing it of stones; and that all ancient Rome would, I thought, be carried away in the same manner by foreigners. "*Ah, questo poi, lo credo anch'io*—ah, as to that, I think so too," was his answer; while his manner shewed that he wished such could be the case.

family of the farming *cicerone* brought forward a large assemblage of asses—magnifying, at the same time, the length of the tour we were about to undertake, and asserting the example of all the "*Signori Inglesi.*" We afterwards congratulated ourselves on having continued obdurate; and, preceded by a *cicerone*, we wandered through the picturesque collection of ancient walls, partly concealed by young trees, while the crumbling and falling stones seemed kept together by the brambles and creeping plants, which, stretching from one part of a ruin to the other, appeared to offer their necessary and indispensable support. In this light only can I speak of this beautiful retired spot; let antiquarians describe and dispute about the various uses of the *now* tottering walls that adorn it.

After mounting an ascent of two miles, we entered the streets of Tivoli, and stopt at the "*Regina*" inn: this had been recommended to me as the best to sleep at, while that of the "*Sibilla*" is, undoubtedly, the most agreeable for those who go for the day only, and wish during that time to enjoy the romantic scenery.

We immediately passed through the court of this latter inn; in which stands the circular

temple of *Vesta*, so justly renowned for its architecture and its situation. The temple of the *Sibyl* has in it nothing remarkable. Descending a path cut in the side of the precipice by the French General Miaulis,—for until the arrival of the French it was with the greatest difficulty that the scenery below could be attained,—we reached the narrow platform before the Grotta di Nettuno.

Here I must say, that I was again disappointed: instead of a wide, spacious cavern, as engravings had made me expect, I found myself in a kind of hole, not very large, sunk in the side of a rock. I *heard*, it is true, the water of the cascade, but a very small portion of it was *visible*, as it issued from the body of the mountain. In the center of the grotto is a dead pool, supplied mostly by the spray of the cascade: into this pool an Englishman had fallen, a short time before, and two days had passed before his body could be found, and brought out of it. Accidents of this sort often happen here; and, indeed, it is surprising that they do not more frequently occur.

From hence I saw what is termed the great cascade; but as this is a work of art—the water

being conducted, by a narrow, artificial canal, to the edge of the precipice—it had too much the appearance of a spout, and too much regularity to agree with the rudeness of the scenery around. Night was now coming on; and I returned to our inn, resolved to examine more particularly, on the next morning, what I had as yet but imperfectly surveyed.

In effect, early on the ensuing day, my guide led me on the Ponte Lupo, the natural bridge under which all the waters of the cascades precipitate themselves, and pass, for some distance, under the earth. This place is said to be the best point of view from whence to see the great cascade; but I should recommend to amateurs to ascend the precipice on the left, where, from a small platform,* they will behold the two falls, the circular temple of Vesta, and the picturesque village of Tivoli before them, and, looking over the Ponte Lupo, they will follow the course of the stream as it winds between the hills beyond. I sat on a stone, on this platform, and sketched the view I have described, until my paper and myself were nearly wet through from the misty

* This spot is more easily and safely reached from the road, of the Cascatelle, above.

spray that rose from below, and in which large birds flew to and fro with unceasing croaking. Following again the difficult path by which I had reached this elevation, I descended one extremely dangerous, which brought me to the subterraneous cavity under the Ponte Lupo. This chasm is called the Grotta della Sirene, from the great danger of the place; which, after all, is scarcely worth attaining, except for the noise of the rushing waters, which falls in with, and increases the wildness of the surrounding landscape: for the varied rainbows that play in the thick spray, may be seen from other points.

After breakfast I paid another visit to the Grotta di Nettuno, and drew it from the furthest part on the inside,—a point of view from which I have not seen it taken, though painters are here found on every crag and under every bush. I then, with the rest of the company, listened to the proposal of the Cicerone—as to making the tour of the Cascatelle. Some pitiful asses were brought forth, but, at sight of them, all the party declared they preferred walking. Miss ——, however, requested that she might have a "donkey" for the use of those who might chance to be fatigued. As this proposal

was full of foresight and prudence, one little ass was engaged to carry five people; each of whom was, in turn, ashamed of making use of it: I leave it to your judgment to decide if pity for the beast inspired this shame. Be that as it may, we followed a road on the ridge of the hills which form the east bank of the stream; and passed, in succession, before all the renowned *Cascatelle*, which trickled *diminutively* down the opposite bank. Crossing over the stream, about a mile below the cascade, we rose again on the opposite side, and approached the town. At the entrance of Tivoli we turned off to visit the uninteresting Tempio delle Tosse. This digression was not, however, effected without difficulty: for the "donkey," who knew the direct road home, could not easily be persuaded to deviate from it. Such stoppages often occur; and I have more than once seen* English ladies arrested in the center of a public square, while neither blows, nor more gentle means, could prevail on their *montures* to advance.

At four o'clock we ended our fatiguing and tiresome walk, and, setting off homeward, arrived, at seven, at Rome. Adieu.

* At Nice such misfortunes are frequent.

LETTER XV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

In my last I mentioned my excursion to Tivoli; an excursion which closed my Roman *sight-seeing*. You are doubtless shocked at the epithet of *sights* being applied to the monuments of Rome? So should I have been six months ago. A short time before I arrived at Rome, and when my mind was exalted by the usual expectation, a person, who had visited the ruins of Greece and Palmyra, offended my enthusiasm by assuring me that it would be entirely extinguished before I should have passed three months in the center of what *then* excited it; but when the same person added that there were, in Italy, very few objects of antiquity entitled to admiration, I listened to him only as

to one indulging in the contemplation of the wider circle through which his own curiosity had impelled him. Such were, at that time, my ideas; at present I am more inclined to do justice to his opinions, and adopt the same sentiments. Vasi, in his Guide of Rome, allows eight days for visiting *all* the ancient and modern monuments: *he* of course mentions many things that can present little attraction to the ordinary spectator; and were a man to select from his enumeration those objects only which are interesting to most travellers—well-informed, but not blinded by the love and admiration of *every* thing ancient,—he would then find eight days fully sufficient for him to be well acquainted with ancient and modern Rome.

For a longer residence Rome is most uninviting: besides the dreariness of the country around, the *tristesse* of the place must gain upon the stranger, however unwilling to give way to it; and, instead of insinuating itself into his affections, it will daily appear to him more repulsive. I now persuade myself that the common people, the beasts of burden, even the dogs, have a peculiar appearance of melancholy and ennui; and such I really believe to be the case.

One would wish for the FORUM to preserve a solemn and mournful air: and, though the same universal semblance of sorrow may at first have charms for a visionary fancy, yet it will soon tire of the gloominess of the long modern galleries of paintings, and of the Corso, animated now and then by the clumsy, red, gilt carriage of a Cardinal; while the many obelisks, all speaking—in the inscriptions on their pedestals—in the first person, will have a singular effect on his imagination.

A scene more resembling actual life is, however, often presented on the Monte Pincio, the point of re-union for those of the foreigners and Romans who prefer taking their exercise in an open, airy space, to driving in files down the damp street of the Corso: yet this latter is the usual *rendezvous;* and, for two hours in the day, the street is filled with *open* carriages, which the climate permits, even in the midst of winter. The Monte Pincio is the only public walk—that is, open space planted with trees, or at least without pavement—in Rome: it was begun by the French, and continued by Pius VII. who has, of course, taken to himself the honour of its creation. It is said to have been the inten-

tion of the French—when in possession of Rome—to have taken down the houses between the Via di Ripetta and the Tiber, and to have planted with trees the ground thus gained: the non-completion of this plan is a great loss to the town, unless indeed the removal of so many habitations would have increased the effects of the *mal' aria.*

The winter had not been cold, but it was, on the whole, damp and cloudy; and thick fogs had often intercepted our view of S. Peter's.

Of the Romans I know little more than their general feelings. Though I was acquainted with some of them, they are, very naturally, unwilling to put themselves out of their way, to receive successive flights of birds of passage; whom, from all I perceived, they do not like—even as passengers. Those whom I met in company, I generally found amiable, discontented people.

There was, during the winter, a good deal of society amongst the English, and they all met at the weekly balls, or, during Lent, *conversazioni* of the foreign Ambassadors, and of the Duchessa di Bracciano—Torlonia. The King of *England* can keep no diplomatic agent at the

Court of Rome; but the King of *Hanover* can: Baron —— is therefore charged to protect the interests of British subjects, many of whom object to acknowledge, as their minister, one not sent by the Government of England.

Three days before we left Rome, it was still undecided whether we should proceed to Naples, or return towards Florence. The brigands between Rome and Naples were said to have reappeared; and the road was reported to be infested by three hundred on foot, and fifty mounted, robbers. The number of this band might have proved that it existed only in imagination; for, had its reunion been more real, it would probably not have confined itself to the mountains: a thought on the first creation of Rome would have inspired more exalted and extensive designs to the leader of four hundred brigands; and, were they secure from *foreign* intervention, such a band of prudent robbers might hope to restore, in part, the temporal sovereignty of Rome. The Marquis de —— had, however, been stopt near Velletri, by a dozen armed men, and had been politely *dévalisé* —eased of his baggage. Our Roman friends recommended to us to obtain leave for our car-

riage to follow immediately after an Austrian regiment, which would probably soon pass through Rome. A gentleman observed, "that "there was, at that time, a German regiment "in the town, but that he was unable to say "whether it was on its march *to* or *from* Naples." 'Can you tell me,' demanded another, 'if the 'soldiers are *well* or *ill* drest?' "Their dress is "remarkably clean and good." 'Oh, then they 'are, *of course, from* Naples; for, if the contrary 'were the case, they would be in rags.' This plan of travelling—which we had never relished —was therefore abandoned. One of the party went to the Cav. Chiaveri—of Tarlonia's house —and asked his advice; saying, at the same time, that the road was reported to be infested by an army of 400 men. "Who has counted "them?" was the simple demand; and then mentioning other persons who had passed in safety, he encouraged us to run the hazard.

There was nevertheless some truth in the report of the re-appearance of the brigands; and Cardinal P—— was to be sent with a considerable force against them. The idea of a Roman troop of soldiers could not fail to excite the ready derision of their countrymen, who related

the following anecdote of their undaunted adversaries. A party of ten or fifteen robbers had entered an inn on the road side and ordered their dinner: having ended their repast, they demanded the bill of charge. The innkeeper, who knew with whom he had to deal, assured them that "they were perfectly welcome, and "that he expected no retribution for the honour "they had done him." But the Captain of the band insisting, the account was made out, when he wrote, on the back of it, a draft, payable at sight, on Cardinal P——.

We were to send some trunks by sea; and, as we wished for them not to be opened at the Port of the Tiber, we requested—as is usual—the custom-house officer to come and visit them at our own apartment. This he did, and politely sealed them all without opening them: he then wrote out a bill of lading for five trunks containing "*roba usata*—worn goods." "But," said I, "one of the cases is full of books."—"*Non bisognava dirmelo*—you should not have "told me so," he replied, stamping with his foot: however, when I assured him that all the books were old, and had been examined on entering the town, he contented himself with

adding to the bill, "*con pochi libri usati*—with "a few old books;" and, having then signed his paper,—making a soldier who accompanied him sign in place of the other inferior officer who was "*illiterato*"—he accepted his *bona mano*, and retired.

In the evening, Cardinal —— called to take leave; and entered into a long dissertation on the *mal' aria*,—caused by want of cultivation, which is caused by want of population, which is again caused by want of cultivation. Here all conversations on the subject end; though the Cardinal attributed it also, in part, to the stench of weeds deposited, by the sea, on the coast. I have never been able to ascertain whether any feudal rights exist or not in the Roman states: I believe that such are in force. The land is cultivated—when it *is* cultivated—by peasants from the Abruzzi, la Marca, &c. who make two incursions in the year,—at sowing and reaping seasons: most of these return ill, many having died of the fever. The guards and custom-house officers, at the gates of Rome, are regularly taken ill every summer. The quarter of the Piazza del Popolo is particularly unhealthy; it having a very thin population. The *Curé* of

the church of S. M. in Montesanto—by the side of the gate del Popolo—used, every summer, to be attacked by the fever; until, having obtained permission to live on the opposite side of the square, he has never since suffered from it. The most dangerous season is about the month of September, at the breaking up of the summer.

Yet I have heard it asserted, by English who have resided many years at Rome, that the fever occasioned by the *mal' aria* is a mere ague, and may be cured by the same remedies as are employed in that illness. During summer the country people come into the town for market: after ending their business they lay themselves down to sleep in the shade of some building or portico: meanwhile the sun, pursuing its course, falls upon them; and when at length, they awake, the fever is in their veins, and they are immediately carried to the hospitals. The illness, it is said, may be avoided by never taking the air after sunset; and I have heard it recommended to light a small fire, and sip wine during the whole of the evening;—remedies not very congenial with the summer season. I am acquainted with a young artist who, during the greatest heats, wanders through the country,

on horseback, taking sketches of the landscape: he never experiences any inconvenience from the *mal' aria*, unless, indeed, he lets sleep overtake him in the open air. When that happens, he awakes with the first symptoms of the fever, and gains, as quickly as possible, the nearest house.

It is said that trees cannot grow and thrive in the Campania. The Cardinal, mentioned above, has, four times successively, planted, near the walls of Rome, an alley of trees which have as often died for want of rain. Yet in the beautiful Villa Borghese, without the Porta del Popolo, are numbers of fine well-grown trees, which adorn the only pleasing landscape near Rome.

I have here given you, under one head, many of the particulars relating to the *mal' aria*, which have come under my knowledge during my residence at Rome.

On the 3d, two new Cardinals were created. Illuminations were lighted, and bonfires were burnt before some of the principal houses A band played in front of the palace of one of the newly-created dignitaries; who received the congratulations of the others, amongst whose ranks

he was admitted. But as these latter passed into his gateway, they were hissed by the assembled crowd; who shewed, in this manner, their dislike of the motive that caused the rejoicings. At the creation of any new cardinal, they consider that they have so many more to support; for a fixed pension is given by government to those who have not fortune sufficient for their state.

At length, on this morning—the 5th of May—we drove through the ruins of the baths of Dioclesian; passed, without regret, under the low-arched gate of the town; and traversing, with impatience, the dreary plain which divided us from the beautiful hills of Albano, we arrived early at this miserable *borgo*—Velletri. To-morrow the dangers from the brigands commence; but an English party from Naples, with whom I have just spoken, assure me that there is nothing to fear. Trusting that such is the case, I wish you a good night—with very different sentiments from those with which I did so in my first letter, after arriving at Rome.

Capua, 9th May, 1824.

Several interruptions had, as you must have guessed, delayed the sending of this letter until

my arrival at Velletri: there, also, I was unable to put it into the post, and will therefore continue to you the account of our journey as far as this place. After descending the hill on this side of Velletri, we entered a sort of forest of scattered trees, which might serve as a convenient retreat to robbers; but here commence the military posts, which—composed of ten or fifteen men—succeed each other, in the Roman territory, at intervals of about a mile and a half. We soon entered on the Pontine Marshes; which I was surprised to find well drained, and covered with excellent pasture: they refreshed my faint recollections of Lincolnshire. The road passes between two rows of fine trees; and a canal, on each side of it, carries off the drainings. These canals are cleaned out, and the obstructions to the current are removed, by herds of buffaloes, which—kept by government—wallow and swim down them as willingly as pigs seek the mud of a horse-pond. We slept at Terracina; recommended by Eustace as a summer sea-bathing place. It would be difficult to discover what could have prejudiced him in favour of this village, inhabited only by fishermen, possessing a

stony, uneven shore, and exposed, during summer, to the *mal' aria* of the Pontine Marshes.

Here we paid five pauls to save our luggage from being visited—whether by a Roman or Neapolitan custom-house, I already forget.

The road after Terracina winds, for a distance, along the sea-shore. Our carriage stopping for a short time, the soldiers of a neighbouring post, half a mile off, turned out to know what hindered it from advancing. We had several times been requested to proceed at foot's pace, while a soldier on each side of the carriage accompanied us for a short space of road, where—as they pretended—we were liable to be attacked by robbers. We had always refused to take escorts; being told that they served to attract the brigands, by an appearance of having something worth defending; and that, if we took infantry, they would be the first routed. An escort of two or three horsemen is, indeed, said to be of service; not in *fighting* for the traveller, but in *running away*, and alarming the nearest military posts.

We soon reached the gateway that marks the limits of the two states. On the Roman side of a small ditch the land was uncultivated; on the

opposite bank fine crops flourished, and invited across. We passed the boundary, and entered the territory which I hope to inhabit for some years. From hence the country gradually improves, till the dirty village of Mala di Gaeta is found in a situation more beautiful than any I know. Adjoining the inn—one of the best in Italy, except those in the principal towns—is a grove of orange trees that reaches to the shore, covered with many remains of the Villa of Cicero. On one of these ruins, which rose above the surface of the tranquil sea, I was soon seated, and occupied in sketching the scenery on my right: the weather being rather hazy, I was unable to descry the Mount Vesuvius on my left. On going out of the garden, I gathered a basket-full of oranges, for which I paid at the rate of eight for a *grano*—rather more than one farthing. We staid so long at Gaeta, that it was late when we reached S. Agata; an uncomfortable place on the top of a high mountain.

In the Neapolitan state the road is much more guarded than in the Roman territory; for, in the former, the posts of Austrian soldiers are nearer to each other, and mounted patroles watch the intermediate space.

Almost every peaceable—at least in appearance peaceable—inhabitant of the country about S. Agata carries, at all times, a gun behind his back.

A good road brought us, this morning, to the miserable fortified place from which I date. We shall, this evening, continue our journey to Naples, and traverse, without further fear of brigands, the twenty miles that remain. In fact, the only danger is to those who travel after sunset: the most convenient time for robbing, being that when there is sufficient daylight to search a carriage, but too little for the track of the thieves to be followed. We have, however, *now* no more to fear from them. Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Naples, May 25, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

To resume where I left off. The drive from Capua afforded "no adventure, no "sentiment," but was as uninteresting as might have been anticipated. The road began to be bordered by occasional houses ten miles before we reached the suburbs of Naples. Three different custom-houses, at thirty paces from one another, delayed our entry into the town: the officers of each post came out, and addressed to us the usual question—"if we had any thing for "the Dogana?" On our answering that we had not, they, without moving from the place, looked up at us with a rather doubtful, embar-

rassed air; reiterated the question; and at length, by the help of the coachman, gave us to understand what caused their hesitation. The matter was then soon settled: a few *carlini** gained us their entire confidence, dispelled their doubts, took from us the air of smugglers, and opened to us the gates of the city.

On entering the suburb, two different roads offered themselves to our choice. By following that on the left—which is newly made, and good—we might, owing to the *détour* it makes, have enjoyed a beautiful view of the bay, of the mountains that enclose it, and of the town extended on the shore below. But our *voiturier* was no inconsiderate admirer of picturesque views; they could not blind him when opposed to his more immediate interest. He chose the shorter road, and descended suddenly into the Strada di Toledo—the center of lazzeroni and macaroni: such, at least, was the idea I then had of this magnificent street. But, as yet, I have been unable to discover these far-famed lazzeroni: I recollect that the first time I walked

* Ten *grani* make one *carlino*, ten *carlini* one *docato*, twelve *carlini* one *piastra*. About five *piastre*—according to the exchange—make one pound sterling.

out, on the day after my arrival, my mind was full of the stories I had both heard and read of their peculiar skill in picking the pockets of strangers. Impressed with this idea, I stuffed my handkerchief between my coat and waistcoat, and followed, with my eyes, every man or boy that passed by me, lest he should turn about and snatch away from me some part of my clothing. No such attempt was made; perfect security succeeded to unnecessary distrust; and I now walk with as little apprehension in the streets of Naples as I should in those of any other capital; and I even go so far as to believe no people to be more honest than the Neapolitans. The lazzeroni—who are generally represented as the perpetrators of these petty thefts—are, I am told, to be met with only in one distant quarter of the town; but as I have never had occasion to visit that district, I am unable to describe "their many coloured dresses, the baskets they "sleep in on thresholds of the palaces, or im- "mense caverns they inhabit under the town."

Madame de Staël, and other travellers, who have thus painted the lazzeroni, have, I believe, included under that appellation, the fishermen, porters, peasantry, and all those whose appear-

ance is most uncouth. It is, however, certain that the lazzeri—as they are here called—do exist; but they are fewer in number, and without the power and privileges they formerly possessed.

As to macaroni—that other characteristic of Naples—I have seldom seen it cooking in the streets; though I have sometimes watched half a dozen people—petty shopkeepers and servants—one of whom would hold a large pan, from which the others, disdaining the inconvenient and retarding use of spoons, would help themselves with their impatient hands, scarcely allowing themselves time to withdraw their fists from between their voracious jaws, so eager were they to devour their national paste, which—dressed *à la Napolitaine*—appears to me most unsavoury.

Suppose that during this digression, which I have made for your better information, we had established ourselves in the Albergo delle Crocelle. From my window I had a fine view of Vesuvius; and, as I had never been able to fancy it otherwise than throwing out flames and cinders, or at least smoke, you may also suppose me walking to and fro on the balcony, straining my eyes, and endeavouring, by the help of my

glass, to convince myself as to the nature of the white flakes that rested on the top of the crater.

Ἀλλ' ἔμενον, νεφέλῃσιν ἐοικότες, ἄς τε Κρονίων
Νηνεμίης ἔζησεν ἐπ' ακροπόλοισιν ὀρεσσιν
Ἀτρέμας, ὄφρ' εὔδῃσι μένος Βορεαο καί ἄλλων
Ζαχρειῶν ἀνέμων.

Clouds seem, at first thought, to be but a bad simile to a steady army; but those on the hills near Naples, show how exact is Homer's comparison, which a beholder of the clouds of the North is unable to understand. I was not yet accustomed to their immovable and even defying appearance, and regretted when a slight wind cleared the sky, and convinced me that no smoke was issuing from the mountain.

Opposite our inn was a small palace belonging to the King, and destined to be the lodging of the Duchess of Parma, who was daily expected from Leghorn. She landed in the *port* of the palace, attended by Ferdinand the First, who had met her at sea. During her stay at Naples, he often drove out with her, and I observed, that, as the carriage set off, he always made the sign of the Cross; resembling in that the primitive Christians, who began every action

of the day with that sign. This "oldest and, we "trow, the wisest king in Christendom," is now married to a lady whose previous *complaisance* he was, however, acquainted with. Yet, if the *mauvaises langues* speak truth, this *love*-match, or *religious*-match—one of the two must have prompted it—is not found over *gênant* by either of the parties. But such *écarts*—how convenient are these French words!—are permitted to Kings and Princes; when on his death-bed, the late Duc de —— recommended, with truly paternal affection, his two natural children to the protection of his wife.

We were soon settled in an apartment on the Chiaja, which we furnished, as we intend to pass some years at Naples.* From the balcony of this apartment—there is scarcely a window in Naples but has its balcony—we have a fine view of Vesuvius; but I have already given up all hopes of seeing an eruption, however small: it is only with the greatest difficulty that slight puffs of

* In seeking for our apartment, I visited many others on the Chiaja; but all were furnished by undertakers, who let them out to foreigners. The common rent of ten or twelve rooms is 100 or 150 ducats a month. In the interior of the town they are much cheaper.

smoke can be sometimes distinguished as they dissolve at the mouth of the crater.

The Chiaja is certainly the most agreeable part of the town, both on account of the view of the bay and the elasticity of the air: the garden, the Villa Reale—between the street and the sea—is also a great advantage. Nevertheless, I find this situation often inconvenient: separated from the Strada di Toledo by the Monte Sant' Elmo, I am obliged, in order to get to the interior of the town and the theatres, to pass along the narrow dirty Strada di Chiaja, or to make the *détour* of Sta Lucia, a filthy, noisy fish-market, but which writers and travellers never fail to embellish in their captivating descriptions. The Neapolitans themselves consider the Chiaja as out of the town, and the common people who inhabit its quarter speak a language very different from the pure Neapolitan *patois*. Without considering whether I have lost or gained by this variation of dialect, I now begin to regret that I am not settled on the Pizzofalcone which rises between the Chiaja and S. Lucia, and which the Strada di Chiaja separates from the Monte S. Elmo. The Pizzofalcone is the only quiet part of the town, as it is also the only part in which palaces

and shops are not mingled indiscriminately together. Unfortunately, of all the "guide "books, rhymes, tours, sketches, illustrations" I had read, none had given me this useful information; so that, whenever a carriage is not at hand, I am exposed—for the whole length of the Riviera di Chiaja, as it is called—to the sun or to the rain; both which are more inconvenient here than in England, where you are always prepared for the one, and where you never feel the heat of the other.

Let not the manner in which I speak of England offend your patriotism: if I feel attached to the countries in which I have mostly lived, and if I have even adopted false ideas of my native land, my education has forced such feelings upon me: but I doubt not that, so soon as I shall become acquainted with my real country, its superior merit will instantly put to flight all preconceived and momentary prejudices. Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Naples, May 31, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have now been nearly a month at Naples; no more: yet what a change has this short time made in my state of mind! At Rome, I was, in some sort, in a fever of angry discontent and disappointment: a fine climate, a fine country, and a fine view of it, have gradually brought me back to more quiet and natural feelings. I remember that the first morning after entering our apartment, when I sat down to breakfast with the windows open, and, looking through the railings of the balcony, saw the waves rippling against the even shore on the opposite side of the street, I could not believe in the duration of such a scene, so different from

those of Rome; and feared lest, awaking from what seemed to me a dream, I should again find myself in a place which I could not think on without a disagreeable sensation. But my dream, if it is one, still continues; and I shall proceed to give you a simple account of the objects I have seen and daily see, and shall occasionally enter into more minute descriptions of them than I did when speaking of the fallen wonders of Rome.

The entrance of the Grotta di Posilipo is visible from our apartment; and I will endeavour to give you a true idea of it;—an engagement not easy to be fulfilled, so great is the charm attached to the word grotta, or, as you English please to call it, grotto. I know that, on hearing this magic word pronounced, your poetic mind fancies, with admirable facility, a ridge of towering rocks, or, at least, of verdant hills, in which it discovers, with the eye of an amateur, the cave, half concealed by the ivy and vine branches that fall, in festoons, from its low-browed, flowery vault; while, in the remoter part of the cavern, you also recognise, without effort, the silvery fount that refreshes it with its pure and limpid waters. Thus do Fenelon

and all poets paint grottos, and thus do you suppose them to be: but here "vanity has created a grotto where necessity enforced an excavation." —The Monte S. Elmo, otherwise called the Vomero, stretches from Pizzofalcone to the end of the Chiaja, then turns to the South, takes the name of Monte Posilipo, and terminates in the sea. It thus blocks up the Riviera di Chiaja, and separates it from the plain of Pozzuoli on the West. As this mountain is but two or three thousand feet wide, the Cumæans found that a road might be more advantageously made *through* it than *over* it: they therefore pierced it, and made a hole passable to beasts of burden; this hole was subsequently enlarged, till wide enough to admit two carriages abreast; this same hole was paved with lava of Vesuvius, was lighted with lamps—the *coup de grace* to the picturesque —and was named the "Grotto of Posilipo." This passage is lofty, perfectly straight, and is traversed more conveniently during the night, from the number of lamps which are then lighted; though, even in the day time, a few are always kept burning in the middle, where, of course, it is darkest.

The aspect of the country on the other side

is more pleasing than can be easily imagined. Highly-cultivated hills or barren rocks surround a rich plain, at this season particularly beautiful from the bright freshness of the spring leaves that cover the high-spreading vines which, stretching from elm to elm, overshadow the varied crops of flax, Indian corn, and small fruit trees in full blossom, and defend them from the rays of the sun.

Though in the month of May, I found the weather too hot for promenades *à pied:* I therefore turned back, and entered the small village on the Pozzuoli side of the Grotto. This village —of Fuori Grotta,—although similar to all those in the environs of Naples, is not however less curious on that account, and will serve to give an idea of the others. Narrow, dirty, irregular, ill-paved streets are bordered by houses one story high, raised about twelve feet from the ground, and the grey walls of which are daubed in every direction with white crosses; surrounded by children—the younger of whom are drest in a small shirt, or often without any clothing at all —are women who, covered with rags, either spin before their houses, or, seated on the threshold of their doors,—at the imminent risk of being over-

turned by the pigs that pass in and out of the house—louse the heads of their female companions, who kneel before them and rest their faces in their laps; while their husbands, with red caps on their heads, and brown great-coats thrown carelessly over their shoulders, form themselves into circles, and make the streets resound with their noisy game of *la mora;* near them, a post of ten or fifteen Austrian soldiers, all drest with the most minute cleanliness, some of whom lie asleep on benches, others play at bowls and mix their German exclamations with those of the Neapolitans; and hard by, a sentinel, overpowered with *ennui*, pacing to and fro before his box, looking on the scene before him—so different from those of his native country—and "wonder-"ing how the devil he got there:" such is the exact appearance of this village.

The tomb of Virgil—which all agree is not the tomb of Virgil—is situated above the Eastern entrance of the Grotta di Posilipo. It is curious how this monument could ever have been supposed the sepulchre of the Mantuan poet; it seems impossible not to be convinced, at first sight, that it was simply a family *Columbarium;* for, in the interior, are several niches like those

seen in the tombs of Pompeii, and in which urns and ashes still remain. It is very improbable that Augustus should have erected to Virgil a family sepulchre of bricks.

The monument itself has no regular form, and is covered with brambles and creeping plants: a small laurel formerly grew on its summit, but the admirers of the poet have taken from it so many *souvenirs*, that even the root of the shrub is dead. Yet this ruin, covered with herbs and wild flowers, hung on the edge of a precipice, and shaded by the branches of an elm that shoots from the top of a rock that hangs over it, would form of itself a beautiful picture, and has indeed been often painted. But to those really present on the spot, the effect is enhanced by the rumbling echo of the carriages traversing the Grotta of Posilipo, and by the rough voice of a Capucin monk who, himself unseen, is heard begging alms of all who pass before him.

In the neighbouring garden, covered with figs, elms, and vines, is a terrace from which I overlooked the bay, a part of the town with its flat roofs, the Island of Capprea, and the mountains of Sorrento and Vesuvius, shaded with the dark purple hue which the setting sun always casts

upon them. On a marble bench, placed on this platform, a Frenchman has had engraved the following lines :

Près du chantre divin dont la lyre immortelle
Répéta des pasteurs les premiers vœux,
Sur ce banc, consacré par l'amitié fidele,
Amants asseyez vous et resserrez vos nœuds.

The author of the excellent "Guida di "Pozzuoli" pities beforehand the antiquarians of 2824, when, of all the inscriptions said to have originally belonged to the tomb of Virgil, this, of the French poet, will perhaps alone remain. If indeed such should be the case, what important inferences will not be drawn from the fact! How many good reasons will be found why a *French* inscription should have been fixed by Augustus on the sepulchre of Virgil!

Be that as it may, the situation of this tomb pleases so much the English, that two of these *sentimental* and *melancholy* countrymen have carried their *spleen*—which the French denominate the "*maladie Anglaise*"—so far as to have caused themselves to be buried—*bien entendu after* their deaths—over the entry of the grotto of Posilipo. There they lie without any stone or sign whatsoever; the gardener alone calls on

them the attention of edified strangers: she told me, "there are two Englishmen buried "there."—'But, '*where?*'—"*There,*' exactly "under your feet."

On the other side of the garden some children are also buried; but, at least, the spot is marked by marble slabs, though the name of the child is seldom inscribed upon them. The parents were probably ashamed of thus depriving of its rights the Protestant burying-place. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

Naples, 18*th June*, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE case of books we had sent by sea from Rome was arrived in the Neapolitan custom-house: we were able to procure from the Minister of Finance an order for their being delivered to us duty free; yet they were nevertheless to undergo an examination whether they contained any principles contrary to religion and legitimacy; for, at present, both are classed together, and affirmed to be dependent the one on the other, and religion is made the touchstone of political opinions; while, *vice versa*, all admirers of all courts are obliged to declare themselves the supporters and advocates

of all religions. Thus the *possible* religious sentiments of the adverse political party are cried down as insincere; and the *gens qui pensent bien* —the aristocratic designation of those of their own set—are announced, without further examination, as the sole honest and lawful friends of the church, "*mais d'une église quelconque*— "but of any church whatsoever." But THE church has, fortunately, no common lot with those who thus proclaim it to be inseparably connected with *their* interests. The spread of incredulity and *philosophy*, as it calls itself, is chiefly owing to these pretensions; and to the imbecility and party spirit of the mistaken though, perhaps, well-meaning *dévots*; "roaring "Methodists," as they would be denominated in England.

I, however, attended the ordeal our books were to go through. Two priests and three learned men—I speak without prejudice to the learning of the priests—caused the case to be emptied on the table before them: they then looked into the title-pages of some few of the works, and were satisfied, by this slight and cursory examination, of the innocence and purity of their contents, and of the doctrine of the others.

The danger of the whole collection was, moreover, diminished one-fifth, by one of the learned men having found amongst them a work—Johnson's "Rasselas," I believe—which captivated his attention, and secured his inaction, until the examination was finished.

The duty on all books entering the kingdom is three, six, or nine *carlini*, according to the size of the volume. I heard a bookseller, in the same room with myself, complain of being obliged to pay for a quarto pamphlet, containing six leaves, double the tax demanded for an octavo of five hundred pages. This enormous duty, aided by the little love of reading prevalent amongst the Neapolitans, hinders any books from being imported. Still fewer are printed in the kingdom itself, on account of the rules and difficulties attendant on the revisal of the manuscripts. Here is also established a custom, and it cannot, it seems, be broken through, that whenever a person publishes a work, he should make a present of one copy of it to *all* those with whom he has *ever* had the *least liaison:* some people are known to have formed large libraries by means of these gifts, and at the expense of the authors, who are

themselves obliged to bear all the cost of the publication. One much-esteemed work has been mentioned to me, the unambitious writer of the which has preserved a strict incognito, professing himself unable to comply with this practice.

The approbation of the office of revision is printed at the head of every Neapolitan-published work: the form of it is curious. It begins with a "request from the author to have "a *revisore* appointed, in order that his work "may be printed." Next is an answer from a secretary, saying that "the royal revisor will "have the COMPLAISANCE to revise the MS." Then follows a letter from the appointed revisor asserting to the revisor *en chef*, "that he has "observed with attention the work in question; "and that he can assure his most Reverend "Excellency, that the work is free from all "stain that might bring dishonour to our *S.* "religion, and to the *sacred* duties of subjects "towards sovereignty; and, at the same time, "it exalts the author on account of his erudi-"tion, &c. He, therefore, thinks that the "work should have the HONOUR of being "printed, if it should not please otherwise to

" his Reverend Excellency; kissing whose hand " devoutly, he repeats himself to be of his most " Reverend Excellency, Naples, 10th October, " 1824,"—in Italy the date is always put before the signature,*—" the most humble, the most " devoted servant, and truly the most obliged— " Royal Revisor ——." Last of all is an answer from the president of the *giunta* for public instruction,—"*public instruction*," observe the phrase,—who " seeing the demand of ——, " seeing the favourable opinion of the royal re- " visor ——, it is permitted that the said work " be printed; but that it shall not be published " without a second permission, which will not " be given until the same royal revisor shall " have recognised, on confrontation, that the

* This form of subscribing a letter is general all over Italy: the direction on the outside varies according to the country and the rank of the writers. In Piedmont, for example, two nobles will address their letters thus—"*All' Illmo. Sig.* " *Sig. pron. Colmo. il Signor Marchese*—to the most illus- " trious Signor, the Signor my most worshipful master, the " Signor Marquis." Here, at Naples, the direction is more simple: "*A sua Eccellenza Don Gioacchino ——, Principe* " *di* ——to his Excellency Don Gioacchino ——, Prince of " ——." In addition to my rightful share of these titles, my Italian correspondents sometimes insert, as a farther designation, "*Nobile Inglese*—noble Englishman."

" printed copy agrees with the original that has " been approved of."

I have here translated, word for word, the substance of a permission extracted, *au hazard*, from a Neapolitan printed book; the form is always the same, and varies only in the greater or less civility and humility of the parties. But the strictness of these measures only shew the greatness of the supposed danger. The King of Sardinia is announced, by the journalists, to have adopted what he considers as a much more effectual means of stopping the spread of dangerous opinions: *he*, they publish, has forbidden all his subjects who do not possess fifteen hundred francs—I think that is the sum—to be initiated in the mysteries of reading or writing.

But enough has been and will be said by others on these subjects. Yesterday was the festival of Corpus Christi—the *fête Dieu*,—and was to be marked, as usual, by a grand procession through the streets of the town: a curious mode, according to my notions—for which I am probably indebted to the compressed state of the Catholic religion in England—a curious mode of doing honour to the blessed sacrament. It is, however, strange, that I should have seen, in the

South of France, better conducted and handsomer processions than I have witnessed any where in Italy. A very short description of this of yesterday will give you an adequate idea of it. When the objects most holy in religion are to be paraded through the streets, the accompaniments ought to inspire veneration, instead of scandalizing by an *appearance* of disrespect. On this occasion the procession opened with several communities of monks and priests, straggling at irregular distances from each other: every person who had a taper was attended by another, generally a ragged boy, who walked by his side, and caught the droppings of his *bougie* in a dirty piece of paper, or in his still dirtier hand; this, of course, gave a stingy appearance to the whole. Preceded by one drummer and two fifers, and by a few persons in embroidered coats, a plain and little-ornamented canopy—under which the Host is borne—passed down the street; and was followed by the King, the hereditary Prince—Duke of Calabria,—and a few attendants on foot. Three empty royal carriages, drawn by six horses each, and a party of soldiers, with a bad military band, closed the procession;—a

ceremony in which, in most other countries, all the splendour of the clergy and court is displayed.

The King's *fête*—that is, the feast of his patron saint—happened to fall on the same day; the theatre of S. Carlo was, therefore, brilliantly illuminated, and the town was lighted up, as most Italian towns are on such occasions—a few lamps shone dimly from stray houses, and seemed to indicate, by their unwilling, wavering light, the sentiments of those who, from different reasons, gave this slight shew of loyalty.

It was after midnight when I left the theatre to return home; the lamps in the windows of the houses were extinguished, and their smoky glare did not disturb the calm, placid scene around me. The moon floated in the dark unclouded expanse of blue sky, and almost overpowered, by its brighter reflection, the more indistinct rays of the stars. It was such a night as can be enjoyed by Southern countries only; and which one would wish to be never interrupted, not even by a Neapolitan morning. Nothing spoke of cold or damp; the glowing circlet of the moon cast a brilliant, cheering light, very different from the pale, wan, and

watery reflection it affords to your Northern regions. The fish-stalls of S. Lucia were all illuminated; and, as I crossed before them, each fisherman offered to sell *frutta di mare* and oysters of the Fusaro Lake. In the shade of the buildings a man was playing on a hand organ; and a bright glare on the surface of the sea guided my eye to a small lamp which burnt in a solitary fishing-boat, whose tenant, concealed by the shadow of the Castel del Ova, was heard singing a *buffo* song, in which violent bursts of laughter kept time, and fell in with the tune. At a distance, I heard the heavy tramp of an Austrian patrol, composed of about twenty soldiers, headed and followed by two horsemen. Proceeding on, I entered the Villa Reale, which, though it is in summer, lighted up all night, and open to every one, is always nearly deserted. Before our house the water-stall was still expecting customers: these stalls are furnished with water and lemonade in iced barrels; and bottles of all kinds of sirrups surround heaps of excellent oranges, the best of which are sold at the rate of three for a *grano*. Above, on two wooden pillars, rises a pediment, on which is generally painted some saint, before whom

a lamp is continually burned; and the whole is crowned by flags of various sorts, displayed whenever the breeze is sufficient to unfurl them. The stall is illuminated, at night, by many lamps, and has ever a gay appearance. None, however, but the common people refresh themselves at these booths, which are very numerous. Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

26th August, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE summer months at Naples can furnish little matter for letters; that is, letters such as you demand them. The weather is too hot to permit excursions to a distance from the town. Fearing this heat, the few English who had arrived after the Holy Week fled, at the end of May, to take refuge in the cooler climate of Switzerland: and those whom their situation and circumstances obliged to remain in the country, followed the example of the Neapolitan gentry, and retired to Portici, Castellamare, or Sorrento. I nevertheless prefer the Chiaja, as

being nearer the sea, and enjoying the benefit of more sea air than either of the places I have mentioned. How those who are thus scattered over the country in search of "*locum refrigerii*," (the petition would have been different had this prayer been composed in the North,) how these persons pass their time is more than I am able to say: I myself, although a great lover of the sun, am compelled, after returning from my sea-bathing, to close the windows and blinds, and to remain in this almost utter darkness, until the carriages, assembled in the Corso below, announce that the evening is coming on; the *Persiennes*, or *Venetian* blinds, are then thrown open to recruit the wasted provision of oxygen, and provide a supply for the following day.

The bathing I have alluded to did not commence before the beginning of July. Till then the police had forbidden it, as dangerous. From Posilipo to the end of the suburb beyond the Port, temporary wooden buildings were erected on the sea shore, which is good and even; and which Government lets off, at an exorbitant rent, to the undertakers—shameful! A bridge leads from the shore to the baths: these are divided into small cabinets; the men and women

are separated; a door in the baths of the former permits them to go out into the open sea. In a separate part of the establishment is a large scaffolding, covered with a tent; here eighty or an hundred people are frequently seen waiting till their turn of bathing shall come about: cakes and wine are ready for those who wish. The Neapolitans use the greatest precautions in bathing in the sea; they never do it without previously consulting a physician, who generally recommends a course of fifteen baths—always an uneven number. Before venturing into the sea, they take some of the water in the palms of their hands, and rub themselves over with it; they then gradually, and with most solemn mien, descend the flight of steps. The sea below is about four feet deep: here a score or more young men frequently unite, and amuse themselves with splashing water at each other, and dancing quadrilles and waltzes: the purity of the water may be imagined. Yet in this manner they pass two, or even three, hours; they scarcely ever learn to swim, nor indeed do they dip their heads: while in the water they have wine and cake brought them. Whatever

the consequences of this method may be to those who adopt it, it is beneficial to *swimmers*, inasmuch as it leaves the open sea free to their excursions.

The buildings are now begun to be demolished, as the season commences to be too cold to permit its further use.

The appearance of the Neapolitan peasantry is at all times sufficiently remarkable; but that of the sailors and fishermen, during summer, is particularly striking, from their resemblance to the savages of the Southern and Pacific Oceans, as described on their first discovery: for, at this moment, Otaheite is, it appears, a civilized and independent state—perhaps much more so than the Neapolitan. These people—the fishermen of Naples—are seen rowing across the bay in small ill-made boats, of the shape of walnut shells, and not much larger. They frequently stop, and dive into the water for the *frutta di mare* and cockles, with which the shore abounds. Their bodies, almost perfectly black, are exposed to the scorching sun; for they wear no other clothing than a short pair of white drawers, and a bright scarlet

cap: this cap is of exactly the same shape as the French cap of liberty, and is generally worn by all the peasantry of Naples.

Thinking that this dress, and the fine expressive features of the well-made men who wear it, would form an interesting *étude*, I once asked a fisherman to sit for me to paint him: he did not in the least understand my proposition; but, after some difficulties on his side, and many assurances on mine that I would not hurt him, he consented, and followed me. When I had finished, his astonishment at beholding his portrait was most amusing; and descending with him to the street, I heard him exclaim to his comrades, "*Ou Signore ha* "*schrittou ou vizou mio*—that Signore has "written down my face." So high is their idea of *writing*, that they can imagine no superior, no more lofty rame, for what appears to them a similar sort of conjuration.

In this enumeration of my principal summer occupations, I must not forget to include a grand *fête* I witnessed, in the beginning of last month, at Portici. The amusement of the day was to consist in horse races: the crowd assembled was immense, and I gave myself

great trouble to force my way to a place from which I might see the sport to advantage. The races began. Two horses, bearing two lazzeroni, trotted, at a moderate pace, between the ranks of the people: one of the riders fell, consequently the other gained the prize—a scarf. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

Naples, 9th Sept. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE my last, I have finished visiting the palaces, museums, and other public establishments, in or near the town.

Villas are possessed by the King wherever the country is favourable for hunting, or remarkable for its beauty; and printed permissions are given, by his *maggiordomo*, to all who desire to see them. Of these the palace of Capodimonte is remarkable for the advantage of its situation, rising on a hill that overlooks the Vomero and the Bay. This palace, though ancient, is unfinished: the King inhabits it more than the others, on account of its vicinity to

Naples. Yet, before the invasion of the French, bullocks were obliged to be harnessed to the royal carriage—so steep and rugged was the ascent to it. Thanks to Murat, it is now approached by an even, easy road, which Ferdinand condescends to make use of. I say *condescends*, because he has never been prevailed upon to forget, in like manner, the French origin of the new road over Posilipo, and has therefore never visited it. How petty and despicable is such pride!

On going over the palace of Portici, the person who conducted me proclaimed, on entering each room, to what particular use it had been put by Murat and his Queen—apparently not conceiving that any one could be interested in its actual proprietor. But the face of the *custode* became black as coal, when a lady, seeing on the chimney-piece of Ferdinand's writing cabinet, ivory monkies poring over ivory books and maps, asked for what possible reason they were put in the King's study in preference to any other room?

The portraits of Napoleon, Murat, and all the Imperial Family, are put out of the way in a room below.

Here no private palaces draw the attention of travellers, as at Florence and Rome; yet a few villas are pointed out as deserving of notice, more from the views they command, than from the merits of the buildings, or the galleries and paintings they contain. Amongst these, the Villa Floridiana, belonging to the wife of the King, takes the first place. As it is situated on the Vomero, above the Chiaja, it enjoys a superb view of the Bay. The gardens are beautifully laid out, and contain a tolerable *ménagerie* of wild beasts.

A few days later I visited the Villa Belvedere, the grounds of which join those of the Floridiana. The gardener shewed a small collection of bad antiques: on my asking him a question concerning one of the statues, he replied, "that "he was not a *cicerone*, and therefore knew "nothing about it." I was unable to see the gardens: a superb lion, of the Villa Floridiana, had broken loose the night before, and, as it had not yet been taken, there was danger of meeting it. I heard several guns fired; and it was afterwards killed, having received forty-seven shots. Although it had been free for a whole day, it had done no mischief. A party of French, whom

I met at the Villa, "*scapparono presto,*" as the gardener said, "*tutti tremanti che pareano morti* "*per paura d'ou leone.*"

I then followed a narrow lane on the ridge of Posilipo, and returned by the Strada Nova. It was not, however, without having encountered some difficulty and danger from the anger of a Neapolitan peasant, who, having thrust his mule, loaded with wood, between my carriage and a wall that bordered the road, and seeing the animal wedged fast in, shewed a greater degree of rage than I should suppose attainable to an inhabitant of a more Northern country, and who had not "*le Vesuve dans la tête,*" according to Napoleon's complaint on dismissing a Neapolitan General.

The Studii is the only public museum in Naples. This is an extensive new building, which contains statues, paintings, library, and antiquities of all sorts. It is, however, at a great distance from the center of the town; nor is its being always closed at two o'clock less inconvenient. The ground floor is occupied by statues, a few of which are fine, particularly the Aristides and the Flora. There is here a statue of the Farnesian Hercules; whether it is the original or

a copy, I have not been able to discover: that at Caserta is scarcely visible, being placed in a niche where no light can fall directly upon it. Yet both it and that at the Studii are said, by their respective *custodi*, to be the original sculpture. I must own that I was not over anxious to sift the question; for, be the merit of a colossal statue what it may, that merit is destroyed, in my eyes, by the fact of its being a colossus. To increase the mass of *body*, without being able to enlarge the *mind* in proportion, seems an imprisoning of the latter still more, and a rendering it doubly captive; while an expressive statue *below* the natural size has not this disadvantage; for the mind then bears a greater proportion to the body—which must always be considered as its prison—and appears, consequently, more independent of, and unencumbered by it. But that which is designed to represent man, should certainly be of the natural size, otherwise the proportion between the two component parts of man is abandoned.

In another part of the ground floor are some beautiful bronze statues and horses, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Amongst these bronzes I observed one that had formerly been

the water-cock of a bath; some water had remained enclosed within it when the lava had "hermetically sealed" it, and excluded the outward air from the liquid which is still unwasted. A handsome staircase leads to the second story. In a niche on the first landing, stands a colossal statue of white marble, clothed in full armour with sandals and helmet, and the right arm stretched out in a most imposing manner. After doubting for some minutes whether it represented Mars or Minerva, what was my surprise in recognising, beneath the helmet, the features of Ferdinand the First, placed as guardian and protector of the library and papyri above? Yet the statue is better acquainted with them than the original itself; for the King, although he has seen the ground floor, has never yet ascended the stairs of the Studii. It is true that notice was once sent to the director, of his intention to visit the whole of the museum: but some unlucky occurrence caused this well-formed plan to miscarry, and no other has yet succeeded to it. Indeed scarcely any of the actual Ministers have seen so much as their master.

Passing the statue, I entered the library; but a library must be seen in five minutes or five

years: I can therefore, only say, that the room is not large.

In the gallery of paintings are many works of the first masters, mixed with many of little merit.

From a room containing crystal and glass, found at Pompeii, and worked into all shapes proper for use or ornament, I passed two others, in which were burnt and scorched bread, fruits, paints, nets, eggs, clothes, rings, necklaces, sun-dials, and many other objects such as might be discovered two thousand years hence, was any modern town to be now buried in the same manner as Pompeii. Of these, however, many tourists have given you exact descriptions; as also of the various bronze utensils and arms which fill the long gallery I next entered. In this room I remarked a helmet, weighing thirty pounds, and having on it *alto-relievos* representing the particulars of the siege of Troy exactly as related by Virgil. The Etruscan vases followed next, occupying many rooms: they can be chiefly interesting to those only who make them the study of their lives: I was, nevertheless, able to admire their beautiful shapes and the well-drawn figures on many of them. Most of these figures bear shields on their left arm: if the serpent, in-

variably painted on these shields, was meant as an armorial bearing, it must have been that of a very numerous clan; if indeed, as is more probable, it was not the shop-mark of the potter. But scarcely any one Knight, on the vases, is "*parma inglorius alba.*"

I have often heard English on the continent revile the stupidity of foreigners, at the same time as they praised the superior ingenuity of their own countrymen, for contriving *dishes* with a hollow to collect the gravy: most of the ancient dishes in this museum are made in the same manner!

I had a particular permission to see the "*gabinetto lascivo,*" which is only curious as showing the customs and morals of the ancients. *Philosophers* may doubt whether the Christian religion be true or not, but none of them will deny its beneficial effect on morality.

The last room I visited was that in which is carried on the process of unrolling the Papyri manuscripts. The rolls are completely *burnt*; but they are no more consumed than would be a sheet of coarse writing paper by being lighted into a flame, which, soon dying away of itself, would leave that which was written still legible on the unbroken cinder. These rolls of Papyri

are only written on one side, and that side is innermost. On the outward and uninscribed side, a steady hand, with a small paint-brush, attaches, with glue, gold beater's skin; and the piece of scorched Papyrus, thus backed, is picked off from the roll with a small, pointed, steel instrument. When a sheet, twelve or fifteen inches long is thus detached, it is inframed behind glass, and carefully copied as inscriptions are drawn. The few gaps and words destroyed in the original manuscript are then supplied by a jury of learned men.

Notwithstanding the simplicity of this process, which was carried on before me, but three volumes of the many rolls have been printed. A society, I shall hereafter have occasion to mention, has the monopoly of these manuscripts; otherwise, I have been assured, private individuals of Naples would, long since, have published them all.

The late administrator of this museum never entered the building either before, or during, or after his administration.

From a window of the Studii is seen what is called the Sepolcreto di S. Teresa: it was in cutting away the hill, to facilitate the

construction of a road, that this burying-ground was discovered. In order to understand the plan of it, let it be recollected, that the practice of *burning* the dead was far from being universal amongst the ancients. On the contrary, it is certain that *inhumation* was used in the more remote times: and that even after *combustion* had been introduced amongst the Greeks and Romans, the custom of *burying* the dead was indifferently followed by both; it was, indeed, much more common than that of *burning*. Burying-grounds were attached to all the Greek towns: these were generally hills, more or less deep, in which layers of bodies and tombs were placed one above another, but separated by layers of earth.

The Sepolcreto of S. Teresa is deeper than usual: in it are bodies enclosed between *stones*; others laid in the *earth* without any sort of tomb; above those again are *tombs* intermixed with *urns* containing *ashes*: here are found bodies laid one above the other in the *same grave*, but separated by a little earth; and the *bustum* of the Romans—that is, the *grave* in which the bodies were burnt, and then covered with earth, together with the charcoal used in the combustion.

On arriving in Magna Grecia the Romans

took possession of this burying-place; they buried their own dead in it; put Roman ashes into urns first used by the Greeks; and, finally, broke open the Greek tombs, scattered the bodies, the jars, &c. and buried in them their own dead according to their own rites. All this is plain, from the state in which the Sepolcreto was found. Yet no workmen have been employed, no excavations are carried on in this most interesting spot. Want of money is pretended as an excuse for this neglect; and, at the same time, half a million* is spent on the palace of Capodimonte. The subjects of little states are always more taxed than those of greater powers; and the revenue is spent in chases, palaces, and in the same pursuits in which a private individual of large fortune would employ his income. The little kings and princes of Italy have more palaces and country places than any of the higher sovereigns.

From the Studii, I went to the *Dreboulduora dei Dgendili*: so the Neapolitans—in *patois*—pronounce *Sepoltura dei Gentili*, which means Sepulchre of the Gentiles,—a general denomination for Protestants, Calvinists, Lutherans, et

* Neapolitan money.

cetera. Yet all these sects who complain so much that the Catholics, from whom they have separated in life, will not allow them to be buried amongst them,—supposing the which to be permitted, what funeral rites would they employ? Catholic, or Reformed, or none? would each bless the ground according to his own faith, and annul the blessing of the other? —all these sects might, one would think, for the sake of decency, and out of respect to their relations, and even their religions, procure a better burying-ground than that they now make use of. It is in fact a common garden; and the earth which covers a tomb is cultivated like the rest of the soil, unless, as in a very few cases, the spot is surrounded by railings. The body is generally buried near the garden wall, in which is fixed a small slab of marble, recording the name and amiable qualities of the deceased. It would seem, also, as if the plainness of the ground excused, in the eyes of relatives, a still greater plainness of monument. Though the gardener would have no objection to such embellishments being raised on his property, yet people of great fortune in England here bury their relations in a manner they would be

unwilling, if not ashamed, to do in their own country. Dying at Naples is, however, rather expensive: doctors are, it is true, cheaper than in England, but, unfortunately, the town abounds with English physicians, whom English travellers think it their duty to maintain: the proprietor of the garden demands 26 ducats for the ground; the grave-digger requires 25 *carlini* for making the grave: in short, the consideration of *cheapness* may be brought to enforce my remarks on this subject, and to *that* end I should recommend, to all interested, to put up, at the principal bankers, a *second* notice—the products of the first go to the chaplain—requesting subscriptions for the purchasing of a spot of proper ground for the burial of individuals of the reformed churches.

The Albergo de' Poveri is an immense workhouse; the best eulogy I can make of it is to mention the rules of the establishment. It is divided into two parts: the one contains about 900 women and girls; the other 1500 men and boys: all enter and leave the community when they like. All work: trades, such as shoemaking, dancing, &c. are taught to those who know none, and one third of the produce of

their labour is given to them, the rest goes to the King, who furnishes the materials: food in plenty, and clothing—which, however, the *women* find too coarse to wear—is also found them. The coral-cutting, a branch of trade carried on in the establishment, is curious: each piece is made separately, and by different workmen; some chop it into the proper size, others grind it into shape, others polish it, others make holes in the beads, and others string them. I was told that some respectable "*figli di galant' uomini*—sons of *gentlemen*," were sent here by their parents in lieu of other chastisement: these pay "*un tanto al mese*—so much a month," and are taught Latin, music, drawing, and the other branches of a liberal education, though *liberal* educations are of little use at Naples. Each compartment has its garden, chapel, and infirmary: nothing seems to be wanted but a greater supply of fresh air; but the want of this is a great evil.

In making these excursions, I often passed the Piazza di Mercatello, situated at the west end of the great Street di Toledo, which traverses the whole length of the town. In this square a body of German troops is *always* sta-

tioned; they pass the night under *tents*, before which sentinels continually parade, and two first-rate cannon, attended by a body of engineers, are always mounted in front of this camp. Do the Austrian troops, after three years quiet stay in the country, find this conduct necessary for their own defence? Or, is this method adapted to conciliate the affection of the inhabitants? If such is their aim, sure never invading army succeeded worse. A Neapolitan, hearing an Austrian drum, exclaimed to me, "*Ah, que ces tambours Au-trichiens me font mal à l'estomac!*" I was at a large ball given by a Neapolitan noble: no German officer was invited, although they were all acquainted with the master of the house: the company was much gayer than at most re-unions, for which singularity they accounted by saying, "that they were so happy at seeing "no Austrian, that they were unable to contain "themselves." These are but slight examples; but their hatred to the Germans, and their regrets for "*Gioacchino*"—Murat—and the French, exceed what you would suppose to be the bounds of possible aversion and affection in a conquered people towards its invaders. "It is

"true," they say, "that the French taxed and "took with *two* hands, but they gave away with "*four*; while these German troops—whose pay "is doubled or tripled since their stay at Naples, "and who all live as sparingly as possible, and "send home their savings—these Germans "fetch their corn, even the nails for their shoes, "from Vienna, in order that all the money "we pay them may be spent in their own "country." Every house and lodging in the town is taxed three and a half or four per cent. "*per l'alloggio militare;*" and these "*militari*" ever shew themselves in the light of invaders; by walking the streets in patroles, large enough to resist an actual insurrection; and by surrounding, match in hand, the cannon pointed down the principal street, they perpetually recal to the inhabitants that they are in presence of a hostile force. How different is this behaviour from that of the French armies during the revolution! Planting walks, establishing theatres, giving fêtes, and embellishing the towns, whether in Egypt or in Italy, they have every where secured the affection of the people they conquered, while the dread of falling again under the dominion of Austria has

inspired the inhabitants of besieged places with courage to defend *them*—their despairing victors.*

On the 8th inst. took place the fête of S. Maria di Piedigrotta, which, ever since my arrival at Naples, I had been told to expect as one of the grandest sights possible. The girls in the country around make it an article in their marriage contracts, that they shall be brought to this fête. Returning home the night before, I found some of these peasants sleeping under the gateway of our house, and earning, by this voluntary hardship, an early enjoyment of the hoped-for pleasures of the ensuing morning! During the whole night people were engaged in sweeping the street. When, at length, the next morning arrived, seven or eight ships of war, of various sorts, were seen *drawn up* in front of the Chiaja. At two o'clock, a large body of German and Neapolitan troops, composed of infantry, cavalry, cannoniers, and cannon—by far the most important member of the grand *machine*—began to line the streets leading from the church, at the foot of the Grotto of Posilipo, to the *palace*—for, although

* See defence of Genoa, by Massena.

almost every house is here called a palace, that of the King is known by this sole designation, as the "Palazzo"—*par excellence:* these troops were four file deep on each side; military bands, placed at equal distances, played good music. In this manner they passed three hours under a burning sun. At five, the procession arrived: it consisted of a great number of carriages, drawn by six horses each, containing the royal family and their suites. The King's carriage—which had made the voyage to Sicily—was formed entirely of plates of gold, surmounted by a crown and *plumes of white feathers*, which last were also borne on the heads of each of the eight horses. As it passed, all the vessels fired salutes. I demanded of a Neapolitan, *who* was in the carriage with the King? The person I questioned answered me by gravely touching his own nose, without speaking. The procession staid but a short time in the church, and returned in the same order. The troops, amounting, it was said, to 2600 men, were then drawn off.

I have mentioned this fête, on account of the importance here attached to it. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

Sept. 22, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning we—that is myself and a party—passed through the quarter of the port and the suburb, in which Massaniello was born, and where he first harangued his countrymen. Guthrie, mentioning this subject, says, "the revolt was headed by Massaniello, a young "fisherman, *without shoes or stockings.*" Without shoes or stockings! How English, how insular is this idea! Guthrie wrote without thinking on the difference of usages caused by the difference of climates: he knew that in *England* all fishermen wore shoes and stockings, and that not to wear them would be a sign of

poverty; certain of this *homely* fact, he looked no farther, and transported it unaltered to the shore of Naples. The ridiculousness of these words is not, perhaps, easily conceived by one who has not seen Naples; but how can he who *has* seen it, imagine a Neapolitan fisherman *with* shoes and stockings? The very fact only of his having them would be sufficient to collect a mob; and a mob of Neapolitans once collected, the rest might easily follow. But let us leave Massaniello, "who had no shoes or "stockings," and proceed to the remains of the ancient Herculaneum.

Scarcely arrived at Resina, we were surrounded by Ciceroni, and deafened by their demands: "*Mousour, voulez vous aller au Ve-*"*souve?*"—the time was not yet come, and we turned down a narrow, dirty street on the right. From amongst many *ciceroni* we chose one who announced us to the guardian of Herculaneum: he soon appeared through the crevices and holes in a half-broken-down wooden door—the only entrance now left to this once flourishing city—and conducted us to what appeared to be a wide staircase, the bottom of which was hidden in darkness. However, our guide lighted

torches, and led the way: we had descended but a few steps when day-light again broke in upon us; we were indebted for it to a large *well* on the brink of which we were standing, half way between the water and the women who were drawing it. These women were leaning over the brink, and laughing immoderately, heedless of the town through which their bucket was passing!

You well know how, in 1726, the Prince d' Elbeuf, in sinking this well, struck on these steps, which are nothing less than a portion of the seats of the theatre; how he pierced through them and found water below, and in what manner excavations were begun, but which—lest the villages of Portici and Resina should fall in, by being undermined—were immediately filled up. At present, nothing is visible except the seats of the theatre, that descend to some narrow passages that lead to the *proscenium*. We were shown remains of the marbles, *giallo antico*, and mosaic, with which the building was formerly covered. Cork and wooden copies of this Theatre, of the Amphitheatre of Pompeii, and of the Temples of Pæstum, are seen in the Studii of Naples.

In a suite of small rooms, joining the Palace of Portici, is a large collection of paintings, taken from Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ, and preserved with the greatest care. Nothing would afford more interest than a followed study of these *a frescos*. Brought together from the habitations of every class of society, from the very lowest to the Gods,—for the Gods formed a part of the Roman society,—they were, of course, painted to represent the ideas or customs of the proprietor of each dwelling; and they might inform us that the ancients possessed many arts which are now thought to have been as totally unknown to them as that of printing novels by means of a steam-engine—a method about to be adopted in this "patent age of new inven-"tions." I speak of *printing* in particular, because I have heard a very learned antiquary argue, that *that* art was, very probably, known to the Romans; that it was also probable, that in their libraries a part should have been destined to manuscripts—the which portion only had as yet been discovered by us. Although this idea appears rather problematical, yet it is certain that they were acquainted with stereotype; that is to say, they had letters, cut out of

bronze, with which they stamped their names,—as Ferdinand the First signs his edicts, whether to save time, or for a more powerful reason, I cannot pretend to say. These *a frescos* are generally much admired: it is true that the figures are natural and graceful, and that the draperies are light; but nothing indicates that anatomy was studied by their painters; the proportions and outlines are exact, but the muscles are no where marked. Their colours, although well preserved, are not natural or well shaded. It has been said, that one cannot expect to find the best examples of painting on *walls*, and that the first-rate painters do not work in provincial towns; but the ancients are supposed to have been unacquainted with the method of painting on canvass with oil colours; and Pompeii, although a provincial town, was in the pleasure-garden of Rome, and probably called the best artists to adorn such superb temples as, from their remains, it may be supposed to have possessed. But the real question is—in what light are the inhabitants of these cities, are the Romans, to be considered? In some arts they surpassed even the present age; but their painting was on a level with the general inferior state of society an

science. And although man has *ever* improved and extended his mental faculties, yet how rapid has not the advance been in the later ages, compared to the fixed and comparatively negative condition of antiquity? Consider, without prejudice, this antiquity, and these paintings will be found—to agree with the rest. It has been remarked, without damage to the general admiration, that Augustus had neither a shirt to his back, or a pane of glass to his windows. But whatever may be the truth of the first supposition, the latter is now discovered to have been a mistaken idea: glass has been found in the windows of Pompeii; and in this collection are some fruits painted in glass vases, which are well rendered. Here are six *a frescos* found on the floor of a room, while in the wall above were six niches from which they had been cut: it is supposed, from the ruined state of the house, that it was on the point of being demolished, and that the proprietor had begun by detaching from it that which was most precious —these six paintings; which, though well done, are not *chefs d'œuvre*. The ladies of the party were delighted to see that all the *Romaines* were *coiffées à la Françoise;* and they no longer

dreaded contradiction, when they should assert, that the fashions of Paris were copied by all the rest of the world.

Greatly gratified by this flattering perspective, we returned to Naples. Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

Naples, 24th Sept. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WISHING to visit Pompeii while the impression produced by the *a frescos* of Portici was still recent, I set off yesterday morning, in an open carriage drawn by *three* horses, according to the general custom of the Neapolitans when going into the country, though I have even sometimes seen *six* horses yoked to an ordinary-sized calash, containing, nevertheless, *fourteen* people: but I shall hereafter have occasion to speak of these equipages.

A slight sea breeze combated the rays of the sun while I traversed Portici, Resina, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata, villages

situated at the foot of Vesuvius, at a greater or less distance from the sea shore. Torre del Greco is also called Torre *Duodecimo*, from its having been eleven times destroyed by lava and cinders; but subterraneous noises, the failing of water in wells, and other phenomena, always forewarn the inhabitants of the impending eruption, and procure them sufficient time to transport elsewhere their families and effects. The danger once over, their love of their native soil —or rather of their native cinders—recalls them to the spot, and encourages them to rebuild their ephemeral dwellings. On each side of the road rise, more or less high, torrents of lava, which have been cut through as often as they have passed over it in their descent to the sea.

A particular account of Pompeii would be perfectly useless: it has already been so often described, that you must be fully acquainted with all its details. I shall, therefore, only mention in what manner I employed the seven hours I passed within its precincts, and what is the actual state of the excavations that are made on the spot.

Quitting my carriage at the entrance of the Strada delle Tombe—street of the tombs,—I

there found servants, in the King's livery, who offered themselves as *ciceroni;* I engaged one of them. The streets that have as yet been cleared are very narrow; almost every house has an interior court; the squares are very large; and the temples must have been magnificent, from the prodigious number of columns—of a porous stone—that are seen around them; the same prodigality of pillars covers the site of the Forum. I had brought my dinner with me, and I dined in what the *cicerone* declared to have been a Pantheon; I did not believe him on this any more than on many other points, and he was greatly vexed by my incredulity. I then went over the two tragic theatres, the one for day, the other for night, representations; one is built entirely of white marble; both are simple, and, on the exterior, have no architectural beauty. The amphitheatre is large and curious: the elevation of the circular wall is not great; but, in order to obtain the necessary depth of seats, the earth was hollowed out to form the arena. Scarcely any of the seats remain; few even of the *stones* that formed them are found; yet what can have become of these stones? All, therefore, that is now seen of this amphitheatre

is built of bricks; is covered, like the rest of Pompeii, about an inch deep by the cinder-dust that fell from Vesuvius in the eruption of 1822; and, from the smoothness and colour of this dust, resembles exactly a large oval frying-pan. The *rims* of this frying-pan were NEVER covered, but ALWAYS appeared above ground. Murat was the FIRST who caused any excavations to be made around them!

All the houses of Pompeii are built of lava; and yet the town was buried at the first known eruption of Vesuvius. This difficulty, which appears inexplicable, is solved by the following passage of Vitruvius, who wrote fifteen years before Christ. After speaking of the subterraneous fires then existing in the neighbourhood of Cuma and Baiæ, he proceeds: "Non "minus etiam memoratur antiquitus crevisse "ardores, et abundasse sub Vesuvio Monte, et "inde evomuisse circa agros flammas. Ideoque "nunc, qui spongia, sive pumex Pompejanus "vocatur, excoctus ex alio genere lapidis, in hanc "redactus esse videtur generis qualitatem. Id "autem genus spongiæ, quod exinde eximitur "non in omnibus locis nascitur, nisi circum "Etnam, et collibus Mysiæ, quia Græcis

"κατακεκαυμένοι nominantur, et si quæ ejusce-
"modi sunt locorum proprietates." Strabo, also, who wrote seventeen years before Christ, describing the situation of Naples and Pompeii, says: "Supra hæc loca situs est Vesusius mons "agris cinctus optimis: dempto vertice, qui "magna sui parte planus totus sterilis est, ad-"spectu cinereus, cavernasque ostendens fistu-"larum plenas et lapidum colore fuliginoso, "utpote ab igni exesorum, ut conjecturam facere "possis ista loca quondam arsisse, et crateras "ignis habuisse, deinde materia deficiente re-"stincta fuisse." It is clear from these passages that the eruption of 79 was not the first; and that traditious then existed as to the former activity of the volcano.

All subjects of the King of Naples are forbidden to publish any thing whatsoever on the towns of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ. There exists a monopoly of sixty persons, who alone are entitled to work these interesting mines. "What!" cry you, "a monopoly! "Monopolize the ruins of Pompeii?" Repress rather your indignation, and pay homage to the generosity of the sovereigns of Naples; to the discernment which prompts them to abandon to

others the charge of exploring the treasures of these towns: a charge which it was to be expected, they would keep in their own hands, but which they judiciously resign to the talents of sixty individuals. This resignation will be duly appreciated when it shall be recollected that Pompeii might, like every other branch of commerce, have been kept under the peculiar protection of the Crown; which—in the manner said to be adopted by the Pacha of Egypt—extends its monopolizing influence over every species of manufacture; but the Egyptian despot is still too *unenlightened* to place restrictive laws over the antiquities of his country. Yet, with the liberal dispositions that prevail at the Court of Naples, it is unfortunate that it should not have better chosen those who compose the sixty; and that it should not stimulate them—by the appointment of a headsman,* or some such officer

* "The Pacha, whose genius we have seen very much extolled on former occasions, has now put a man on board every Egyptian ship, who has orders *to cut off the captain's head, if he does not do his duty!* The captain's headsman is, we presume, to be the judge whether or not duty has been neglected; and, perhaps, to ensure the fulfilment of his task, and as a reward for faithful services, he is to succeed in the captain's rank, with a new headsman for himself, who may calculate on similar promotion."—*Courier.*

—to a more vigorous prosecution of their labours. *Seven* years ago they published a small work, which *au reste* I have not heard much admired—but which, perhaps on that account, has not been succeeded by any later production. I know persons well able to write on the unexplored riches of Pompeii, but who are deterred from doing so by the law in favour of these sixty patented scholars, whose rights extend beyond that town, and diverge into various ramifications, with the details of which I am unacquainted.

When Murat arrived at Naples, he caused excavations to be made round Pompeii, following the line of the walls; he then bought all the land enclosed within this circle. The present King, Ferdinand, having shot Murat, and considering himself as his *natural* heir, took possession of this ground. But, as long as it belonged to Murat, one thousand workmen and a regiment of *sapeurs* were continually employed on the spot. Now, that Ferdinand commands, fourteen workmen are incessantly occupied in uncovering the buried town! fourteen workmen!—and yet even this is more than could have been expected: I ought rather to wonder that any portion of his subjects should be em-

ployed, by his order, for the extension of knowledge. The fewness of their number is also a source of consolation; for I have been assured, that whatever is discovered by *the fourteen* is infallibly broken or lost before the end of the month. Every general rule has, however, its exceptions. To do honour to ambassadors, or other great personages, parties are often made to go and *fouiller*—dig—at Pompeii: whatever is found is given to those for whom the party is formed, and who, it is to be hoped, preserve the relics with greater care than does the Neapolitan Government. But be that as it may, it is generally believed, that, whenever parties are made with these generous intentions, lest the search should prove fruitless, lamps, vases, rings, &c. are buried before hand by the fourteen, to whom notice is given of the comedy they are to act. I am the more inclined to believe this supposition, from my having witnessed, whilst at Pompeii, the useless efforts of *three* of those employed by Government: I was no ambassador, and the workmen were not forewarned of my arrival.

I had now spent five hours in going over the town: its preservation is very inferior to what

I had been taught to anticipate. Not one of the houses has retained its roof; the tiles placed on the tops of the walls, to protect them from the rain, give the whole something of a mixed appearance of modern masonry. I sat down in the shade of a magnificent weeping-willow, that spreads over the garden of the porter of the eastern gate, and waited till the hour I had appointed for my carriage to be ready. The coachman had employed the day in getting drunk! he had, however, found a substitute; and going out at the gate opposite to that at which I had entered, I passed along the foot of the hill formed by the still buried portion* of the town. The sight of this rising ground is much more striking than that even of the *uncovered* part of the streets; for the imagination is here unrestrained and unlimited, and, transporting itself at once back to the moment of the fatal eruption, it fancies all the horrors of the event still to subsist, though concealed, under that slight elevation; while the streets of the town, cleared by modern care, present less than even ordinary ruins to affect the mind. I am at a loss to account for this want of interest in the

* As yet only about one quarter of Pompeii is uncovered.

interior. Are the marks of a sudden, an unforeseen, and a local misfortune, less painful than the traces of destruction inflicted by the slow, universal, and unavoidable hand of time? But the sight of this hillock recalls the army buried under the sands of Lybia.

Two hours and a half brought me into the midst of the Corso; that is, of three or four hundred carriages, which, every evening, assemble on the Chiaja, and drive under the canopies of dust they create to themselves. Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

2d December, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE Vesuvio—a first-rate man-of-war, begun by Murat—was this morning launched at Castellamare, in presence of the Princes Royal, and a great number of spectators. The King did not witness this sight—not very common at Naples. Some attributed his absence to the vessel's having been put on the stocks by Murat; others account for it by supposing that he wished to save the presents it would otherwise have been necessary to give to the shipwrights. The different terms of punishment to which the *galériens* who built it had been condemned have, however, been shortened on the

occasion. Besides being employed in these public works, the *galériens* are at Naples, and in most Italian towns, made to sweep the streets; which, nevertheless, seldom bear testimony to their purifying influence.

Many of the spectators who witnessed the launching of the Vesuvio were taken down to Castellamare by the " Real Ferdinando," an English steam-packet, which arrived here some time since, intending to sail between Naples and Palermo. The astonishment of the Neapolitans, on its first appearance, was most amusing: they had never before seen steam vessels; they talked incessantly of it; and some even went to Palermo, enticed solely by the novelty of the transport. Yet they soon began to consider the fares too dear for such pleasure excursions; and so, in fact, they were; but they could not be lowered, owing to the want of passengers, said to be occasioned by the commercial ideas of the Neapolitan government, which is reported to see *de mauvais œil* a foreign vessel sailing between its ports, and even to have employed its minor ships of war to convey passengers at a much lower rate. Nevertheless the " Real Ferdi- " nando" still keeps its *sea*.

Turning to a different subject, I am now going to send you the *résumé* of a conversation, in which a Neapolitan gave me some information, which, I doubt not, will scandalize you as much as it did myself: it regarded the manner employed, in this country, in the burial of the dead. Those who can afford to make or keep up a chapel, in any church, are buried, with their families, in it. Such as have no chapel are carried from their habitations to the church, attended by more or fewer confraternities, penitents, and priests, all bearing tapers, and reciting prayers; the number of these followers is, of course, determined by the sum paid. At the church, mass is celebrated for the dead person: he is then entirely stripped, a large cave under the church is opened, and he is thrown in. This cave is emptied three or four times a year; when the bones, and whatever else may remain, are taken out, and transported to the burying-place, without the town, where they are buried. Those who leave *nothing* to pay for a decent disposal of their remains, are borne by two men, no priest attending, or offering any prayer, to the grand *cimetière:* in this burying-ground are three hundred and sixty-

five large graves, one of which is opened every day for the reception of those who are then brought. Your own delicacy will tell you what to think of such practices. There are here many societies among the poor, who each contribute, every month, a fixed sum, with which they engage to have the deceased members of their society buried in the churches, and to have masses offered up for their souls. Such associations are truly affecting. I once saw a grand procession following a corpse to the *church:* from a side street descended a man, conducting a cart, in which was a dead body destined for the *cimetière;* he joined, and followed close behind the bier of the richer man, hoping that as long as their roads lay in the same direction, his poor relative might profit by the prayers recited for him who could command them; and, doubtless, the justice of God supplied the absence of riches which He had denied.

LETTER XXIV.

4th December, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I Yesterday, for the first time, visited Pozzuoli. After traversing the Grotto of Posilipo, and reaching the sea on the left, a short but most delightful drive stretches along this truly enchanted shore. The blue islands of Caprea, Ischia, and Procida, seem themselves sensible to the beauty of the white wave that appears to buoy them up to the bright but suffused sky with which they mingle, and in which their outlines fade and lose themselves. This picturesque effect of light and shade, which, owing to the haziness of the Neapolitan horizon, is often observed, is most charming. The island

of Nisita was too near to present the same melting tints. This rock has been long put up to sale: it belongs to the Crown; four hundred pounds sterling is demanded for it; the title of duke is attached to it, and would, probably, be granted to the buyer. The island is very small, but produces excellent olives. And all this for four hundred pounds! a dukedom! an island on the coast of Baiæ! How have English travellers been able to withstand such temptations? All things considered, it must be allowed that they preserve their reason and *sang froid* to an extent that was not to be expected, Think of a little country gentleman coming to Italy! and living in a palace! and being called "your Excellency!" and yet having sense enough left to refuse a dukedom! All this is really admirable; and all this is the exact case. But we soon accustom ourselves to such state and grandeur, however it may astonish new beginners, or such as, like yourself, have never *been abroad.* I remember that some English friends, just arrived at Florence, having procured the address of our *palace*, went, for some time, round the court, and up the staircases, looking for some part of the building that might agree with their English notions of a

lodging-house. At length they gave up the search, and departed to procure better informasion. They were again directed to the same house. While they were going over the pastages a second time, I happened to open the door of our apartment: my appearance dispelled their uncertainty, which had been caused by the supposition that an arched court and staircase, lined with ancient statues and busts, and a painted hall, forty feet square, could belong to nothing but a public museum. A few days since, a servant presented himself, and although such as I wished in every other respect, yet I refused to hire him, because, when addressing me, he called me "*Signore*" instead of "*Eccellenza*:" I had been long enough in Italy to be used to this latter appellation, and knew that the man's *not* making use of it was a sure sign of an impertinent and insolent disposition.

But I am allowing the island of Nisita to detain me far too long from my visit to Pozzuoli. This last place is situated at the distance of five miles from Naples: in its actual state it is but a miserable village, inhabited by fishermen and *ciceroni*. It preserves, indeed, many remains of its ancient splendour; but these remains present,

to the ordinary observer, but shapele.. masses of brick and cement, the original use of which I profess myself but moderately anxious to determine.

s. The cathedral was formerly a temple dedicated ne Augustus; but, as it generally happens, when unabi structure rises on the ruins of an old one, vanci remains of the temple but enough to dis- whit the church, while the church conceals and sam mbers what remains of the temple. This at sformation has, nevertheless, often preserved he finest monuments, which, without it, would probably have been completely destroyed.

Of the famous port built by the Cumæans, but commonly called the port of Caligula, there remain but thirteen piles of brick; which, but for their symmetrical position, might be mistaken for points of rock scarcely appearing above the surface of the water.

The Temple of Jupiter Serapis is one of the most curious monuments that exist. The plan of the building could hardly be understood, even by a very detailed description. There now remain of it three marble columns, broken off but erect, the pavement, even the rings to which the victims were attached, and the

steps to mount to the altar; the whole is covered by water, that rises from a spring under the pavement. Around were, anciently, hot mineral baths: of these many are still well preserved, others are repaired and furnished with the same water, which, as then, rises in abundance on the spot. The rest of the [illegible] is covered with blocks and columns of beautiful white marble, perforated by the sea water that at one time overflowed the ground on which they lie.

I then ascended the hill to the amphitheater of which only one interior corridor and a few *vomitoria* remain. The seats, if there are any, are concealed under the weeds, bushes, and brambles, which descend to the arena; thus forming a beautiful and variegated bank, that encloses a fine crop of Indian corn* which grows in the area, while elms and vines rise above to protect it with the shade they afford. How different this from the appearance of the Amphitheatre of Pompeii!

A narrow stony road, bordered by walls of

* It is curious that the grain the *English* call of *India*, should be named by the *French* blé de *Turquie*; and that the bird the *French* call *d'Inde*, should be termed *Turkey* by the *English*.

lava and sulphurous stones, conducted me from the amphitheatre to the Solfatera,—the nearly-extinguished volcano, which is, on that account, more curious than any other, excepting, indeed, such as are in full activity; but those I have never seen, and Vesuvius in its actual state is unable to give any idea of them. I was advancing on a small circular flat, covered with a white dust, and surrounded with rocks of the same colour: the earth resounded under my feet; at length, on arriving in the center of the arena, —as it may be called,—my guide took up a large stone, which falling again on the earth, or rather floor, produced a rumbling subterraneous noise, which, lasting for several seconds, attested still more fully, that I was walking on a slender shell, formed and supported over a gulph, the depth of which is unknown. On the opposite side, a sulphurous vapour and smoke, escaping through a small cleft in the crust, rose in graceful folds to the sun. As this steam comes above ground, part of it is collected, and forms a bath on the spot: the warmth of the vapour here brought together is excessive. Sulphur and alum are found and worked in this place. Murat, wishing to procure the mineral more easily,

pierced the crust, and found a layer of it below; but under that water only appeared. The well he made is now filled up, and the sulphur extracted by the process before employed. Adieu.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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